

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 4, 1979

75¢

NO ORDINARY JOE

A photograph of a man in a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, with his arms raised in a celebratory gesture. He is looking upwards and to the right. The background is dark. The photo is framed by a thick orange border.

The Quebec
factor

The piano man

By Marsha Boulton

The whispered rumor spread quickly among jazz fans in the early '70s: the ailing arthritis was threatening the lightning fingers of Oscar Peterson. Fingers compared countless times with those of his mentor, the legendary Art Tatum. Fingers that supported their way to 16 prestigious Shoen best musician awards. Soft, brown bejeweled fingers that dwarf

every, fingers of the man often called simply "the best jazz pianist in the world." Even when it was almost too painful, Peterson played and recorded. Now the arthritis is gone. "It was lucky," he says, crediting proper medication but adding, "It could also have been naturally induced. It was a period of my life when there was strain and some things can become very symptomatic."

At 58, Oscar Peterson is keeping strain to a minimum and, for him, work

is a tonic. Last February he won his third Grammy Award, a hat trick virtually ignored by the media, which spotlighted Anne Murray's first win. His national tribute, *Cassiopeia Suite*, swept on and off almost a million TV screens in March with little fanfare from the CBC, which will air the show again on July 4, Canada Day. Live performances are increasingly rare as Peterson picks and chooses his dates, playing week nights at the Carnegie Hall with vocalist Ella Fitzgerald and violinist Joe Pass or going on tour to Europe as he will this summer. Peterson has added Canada's music to the signature of jazz music, but he has hardly been accorded the recognition such reputation usually heralds. In fact many Canadians don't even know that Peterson is "one of us."

Audiences who attend his two concerts next week at the Shaw Festival of Niagara-on-the-Lake and Toronto's Ontario Place will no doubt be treated to Oscar Peterson, elegant, at ease and powerfully controlled. A big man (six-foot, 250 pounds), he looms on stage, serious and gruff, speaking in rounded tones reminiscent of Nat (King) Cole—then he lets loose and it seems the only anchor holding him to the stage is the fleeting contact of fingertips to keyboard. It is energetic music, feathered by his left hand and fanned by his right. The kind of music enters punch at with words like "chick" and "reptitious," words that mean little to anyone who has been mesmerized in concert or mellowed in the small hours of the morning. "Whenever I get depressed, I choose between the classics and Oscar to cheer me up. Oscar wins hands down," says vibraphonist Peter Appleby. It is that kind of music.

"I'm happier now than I've ever been. And happier, too," says Peterson, submerging himself in a comfortable sofa outside the elaborate recording studio he has installed in his sprawling Mississauga home, just outside Toronto. With an income well into six figures, Peterson doesn't have to work (if he doesn't want to, but for him expanding his musical horizons is *deus vita*). About five years ago, when his compositions began to take symphonic form, Peterson began exploring the electronic music scene. Today synthesizers allow him to compose as his keyboard while accompanying orchestral sections play the

PORTRAIT

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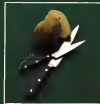
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Pety race at play. Local boy makes good



some themes back electronically and record creative outbursts that could otherwise be lost because, as he explains, "once the ideas start to flow I can't scribble that fast." His involvement with electronics may or may not lead to a future more public than his own home, but it is leading to a frustration Peterson feels about the field. "There are practically more new instruments around today than there are players," he says, sighing off names like Moog, Polymoog, Arp, Oberheim and Prophet. "What I want to know is where are the players? I'm a fairly dumb person and I can figure them out so since everyone is all intrigued with these instruments, why isn't somebody playing them?"

Peterson's exasperation is characteristic. For him the challenges of new things have always been met unconsciously. Born in Montreal, the son of a West Indian railway porter, Peterson began playing and performing as the trumpet at the age of 13. When childhood tuberculosis forced him to abandon the trumpet, he transferred to the piano and developed his jazz style by grinding hits and pieces of the music whenever and wherever he could. "When I started out I was going to school, I couldn't go to nightclub and I couldn't afford to go and hear the big bands, so I started collecting records and listening to broadcasts," he says. Even more important were the jazz sessions with local musicians that he sandwiched between his studies and his bedtime. His obsession with learning and off and on at 25, Oscar Peterson was discovered in a fair-weather fashion by U.S. jazz impresario Norman Granz, who whisked him off to New York City to make his debut at Carnegie Hall, after which does he declared that Peterson's performance had "stopped the show dead in its tracks."

Peterson's star spiraled from there. He toured the world with Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic. The names he ended with helping him are familiar to the devotees of the musician of jazz: "Dizzy Gillespie, Ray Charles, Bill Evans, Lester Young, Art Tatum, Nat Cole, Benny Carter..." He ascended almost all the pitfalls of the summer side of the jazz life—no drugs, no heavy drinking, no money. None. For this he largely credits Norman Granz, who guided his early career and has proved an invaluable friend. It was Granz who helped him through the stress-filled days of his divorce in the mid-'70s, when Peterson spent a year in London working on a BBC TV series and "trying to keep my mind off the upheaval at home." The Granz



Oscar and Grammy No. 3 bass, and Pepper

solution was work and Peterson produced five albums in a year. Today Norman Granz is semi-retired in Shag Harbour and Oscar Peterson has married for the third time to a charming brunette named Charlie.

It is perhaps this ability to triumph over adversity with professional and personal grace that makes Peterson to draw a hard line for young musicians to walk. "The conditional hazards that exist today were there, maybe in another form, in my day," he says, dismayed that many of the apprentices-to-the-craft who approach him complain about not having a place to play, but fail to recognize the virtue of jamming together. "There's one axiom I've always tried to operate by and that is that if you really, truthfully and honestly have something to say, somebody is going to listen sooner or later."

People have been listening to Oscar Peterson for 30 years, since he made his first recording of *I've Got Rhythm* and *The Shark of Araby* which became a Canadian best seller. Peterson has not looked back, though the slings and arrows of critics have not always been kind. In 1966 the erudite New Yorker critic Whitney Balliett noted that "Peterson's playing continues to be a puzzling mode from the leanings of Art Tatum, Nat Cole and Teddy Wilson. That he struts so vigorously feels wasteful if the people meet at the time." This mood was updated in 1977 by *The New York Times* which announced "His improvisations never cohered in the manner of, say, Keith Jarrett." Comparing the ethereal peace of Jarrett with the pyrotechnics of Peterson is hardly reasonable but it doesn't faze Peterson, who contends

"there's some bass for what I do or I wouldn't have been here this long." Yet his own appraisal of the current crop of pianists is highly critical. "I am not pleased with the so-called pianists I hear today," he stipulates. The pianist Keith Jarrett is an example. "He's shocking [sneering]. Keith Jarrett has got everyone baffled. I think he's probably very intelligent in that he's found a search of people who want to go along with the particular thing he's doing, but I've heard too many players do it better. And I use the same thing of Chick Corea. The best player of all these guys is Herbie Hancock. Any time Herbie wants to, he can wipe all these new players out. He's the talent of the day."

Talent is something Oscar Peterson respects. It was Norman Granz who advised him early in his career, "don't prostitute yourself," and Peterson never has. So you won't find him missing over into disco as jazz musicians as diverse as Cab Calloway and George Benson have done. Calloway's courtesies was brief but Benson's appears to be continuing and Peterson candidly admits that he thinks the young pianist has "prostituted his original talent." Not that he hates disco music: he has records and enjoys some of them. But he's not about to make it a way of life. "I don't mind someone being successful in that way," he says of Benson, "but don't take yourself too seriously. If you want to hear me, come and hear me. But you won't see me going through the act with the white suit and the chest open to here. I'm there to play."

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Frontlines

The travel gospel of Cecil Day

It has been a rotten day on the road, seven hours of almost solid driving, with a steady drizzle shelling the roads, and you're looking for a place to stop for the night. You're also thinking about the scratch you're going to knock back to yourself. At Cambridge, Ontario, about 45 miles west of Toronto, you come across a handsome motel with an unfamiliar sign: Days Inn. You check in and find a room almost ideal: a Holiday Inn—color TV, Serta mattresses on the double beds—but it's about half the price. You drop your bags, head for the motel's Tasty Tuesday restaurant, and—surprise! There's no bar. No liquor at all. You can't even get a glass of wine to go with dinner, because the people who run Days Inns are evangelical, born-again Christians and they say booze has no place in a family hotel.

The 128-room Days Inn at Cambridge is the chain's first in Canada (there are 312 in the U.S.) and they'll soon be popping up across the country. A Toronto Days Inn with 192 rooms (and an adjacent 16-story office tower) will open next spring and a Days Inn in Belleville, Ont., should be ready early next summer. Elsewhere in Ontario plans are under way for hotels in Kitchener and Windsor and the company is looking at sites in London. It also expects to build five hotels in Alberta.

The franchise for Days Inns in Canada is directed by Toronto businessman Ronald Fennell (born 1933, born-again 1960) and he says there will be 50 of them by 1985. "And when we have Days Inns competing against Holiday Inns," Fennell says, "we'll beat Holiday Inns every time. Our accommodation is comparable, if not better. The only difference is the price." The single-adult rate at the Toronto Days Inn will be \$59.95, Fennell says, the comparable Holiday Inn rate is now about \$80 (Rates in both chains vary, depending on location.)

Ian Marshall, vice-president, and director of advertising and public relations for Holiday Inns, describes Days Inns as "budget motels," adding that Holiday Inns are "full-service hotels" and that includes having a liquor license.

"The lack of liquor is a selling point,"



Prince Blanc and Prince Noir

Two noble imported wines,
bottled in our cellars in France.
Dine with French nobility tonight.



BARTON & GUESTIER



Peckson with plans for another low-cost, no-frills hotel, no better at this one

managers Walter Peck, manager of Cambridge Days Inn. "If someone wants to hold a meeting or a seminar, we can give him an even chance to get his delegates there sober and alert."

Days Inns was founded just 38 years ago by Carl Day, the son of a Southern Baptist minister, and in the mid-'70s it doubled in size every six months. Day died of cancer last December, the com-

pany is headed now by another born-again Christian, Richard Kessler.

Peckson, the Canadian director at a rustic, balding man of 49 who left high school in Toronto after two years and became an apprentice electrician. A couple of years later, he took \$300 to

save and put a down payment on a lot. He built a house on it, sold it, bought another lot and built another one. Real estate was booming in the '60s and '70s and Peckson ended in From small, local building projects, he moved into large-scale residential developments. Then, when land speculation taxes and rent controls started cutting into profits, he shifted into the hotel industry. "I'd wanted to be in it for some time but the liquor and entertainment side of it was counter to my beliefs," he says.

At least 10 per cent of the Days Inn earnings go to Peckson's evangelical foundation, Dimple Makers for Christ, which runs evangelism programs for college students and businessmen in Canada, and supports missionaries in Poland and Switzerland. Peckson says it's the no-liquor policy that allows Days Inns to make healthy profits on budget rates. He says a hotel that sells liquor must build extensive conference and banquet facilities, and this boosts construction costs by between 35 and 40 per cent. Anyway, in the words of the company's annual report, it's committed "to fulfilling its business responsibilities within the framework of Christian ethics."

The commitment shows in the gift shop at the Cambridge motel, where the small novelties and trinkets include items with books such as *New Life in Christ* and *How to Get Really Thrilled*. Prayer. There are no Playboy or Penthouse magazines for sale but there are two Bibles in each hotel room. One is the usual Goodson. The other is a modern-language New Testament, provided by Days Inns, with a note that says "Take Me Home."

Dick Brown

Open your hood and say 'ah'

House calls for humans may be a thing of the past, but Winnipeggers who French their automobiles can now get at-home service from the car doctor. "Our aim is preventive medicine of the mechanical kind," says Chris Wilson, manager of a firm called Car Care that opened several weeks ago. "Most people just don't have time to stop around for a good mechanic and the trend to call service gas stations has made them harder to find."

So Car Care's roving mechanic Jerry Barker will come to the doing driver's door, equipped with tool kit and mobile testing lab. The \$25 fee covers a 35-point physical checkup as well as an oil filtration, filter change and windshield washer

sees his patients either at the owner's residence or workplace and the checkup takes 30 to 45 minutes.

Car Care acts as a general practitioner of automotive repair and has 46 counterparts in the medical profession: notes the big jobs to the specialists. "We do minor repairs and tune-ups on the spot, but nothing too large," says Wilson. "Our aim isn't

Barker and a patient: doctor at large



to respond to emergencies but to work on an appointment system, giving several checkups a year so that emergencies don't develop." Car Care has no ties with a particular mechanic or service station "because people might suspect us of taking kickbacks," she says. "Our job is to act as go-betweens. We can diagnose how serious a job is or how minor. That way the owner doesn't get ripped off by unsolicited service stations."

No policy conflicts are signed, but the one good dentist or doctor is disappointed, Wilson does phone a week before a checkup at day (Car Care recommends three a year) to give a reminder. And the car doctor has something else in common with most cars—s/he isn't a real suicide on weekends. "We're never on call then," insists Wilson. "We're a true medical professional. We're trying to get across the idea that we're appointments to be made in advance."

Peter Carlyle-Gordon

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Wolfischmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.



Wolfischmidt Genuine Vodka

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Frontlines

BBB warning: beware the worm in the grass

They have a cast of thousands, each with thousands of casts, and they're making large profits for their promoters. But for prospective investors, sometimes a worm farm turns out to be nothing but bait for humans—with some hidden stings.

In Manitoba, ads placed in rural papers, by worm distributor companies that have recently sprung up in Florida, Tennessee, California and Georgia, have provoked so many inquiries that the Better Business Bureau of Winnipeg has developed a matter to warn people off the schemes, unless they have a lawyer check them out first.

Some company brochures claim that worms take care of themselves, reproduce every 60 days and can earn the worm farmer \$4,000 to \$30,000 a month, thanks to vast worm markets in Japan and Israel, where they buy them up by the ton for soil conditioning. In fact, warns Cedric Eiden, manager of the Winnipeg unit, Japan doesn't buy them on a regular basis and Israel doesn't import any. Worms also require special worm beds, they need food, heat, shade and moisture. They're susceptible to soil and weather changes and can die from overfeeding.

Moreover, red worms—the ones constantly touted by the U.S. companies—are less popular now with fishermen, and they take 30 days to reproduce.

"Hundreds of thousands of dollars have left the province through this racket," says George Mann, who runs Lawserve, Bart and Biology Farms in Ashton, Manitoba. "The companies promote worm farms as a way to earn your production, but when you start harvesting you find they're gate out of business. Or you put a load of worms on a plane to the company in Georgia or Texas and a few days later you get a phone call saying three-quarters were dead on arrival and what should they do with them."

Mann's own worm farms is home to about three million worms, which he sells to restaurants, fishermen and organic gardeners. "There is a market, but it's small and these people overstate it," he says. "There's no easy way to make a buck with worms and there's lots of work involved."

Peter Carlyle-Gordie



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Troll of the U.S. Senate

By William Lowther

Scoop Jackson has the charisma of a closing bell, the look of a Soviet bound and the power of a locomotive. It's said they throw darts at his putz in the Kremlin. He's revered in Jerusalem, praised in Peking and feared in the White House. His finger is as firm as the United States president's on such major issues as superpower relations, energy and the woes of the Middle East.

Right now, with all of these major issues at full boil, he is a formidable force in Washington, D.C. and one of the most important men in the U.S. He is likely to dominate the coming debate for ratification of a strategic arms limitation treaty with the Soviet Union. He stood on President Jimmy Carter's proposed energy bill could, in the long run, be decisive. As a fervent backer of the Israeli cause he has significant input in the struggles to keep the Middle East peace agreement alive. Not only that, but as the Chinese seem to trust him second only to their old hero, Richard Nixon, his own private policies will go far toward charting the future of Sino-American dealings in this crucial period in their development.

Particularly significant for Canada-

as, as a senator from the border state of Washington, Henry Martin Jackson—known to everyone as "Scoop"—has a special interest in his northern neighbor. He regularly briefed on Canadian affairs and although he is involved in bilateral disagreements over fishing rights with British Columbia, is counted as a "firm friend" in Ottawa. Says an external affairs official, "When it comes to issues directly involving his state, then he is very protective. However, on a larger scale, when issues do not impact on his region he will help as whenever he can. Of course, he has been deeply involved in the energy problem, the pipeline and the transportation of oil from Alaska. We nearly always find him most co-operative."

The secret to Jackson's success lies in the origins of his nickname, while his failures can be traced to an inability to match the potential for style and drama that the name implies. It came from his childhood in the small town of Everett, Washington, where he had a huge paper route. He was so busy delivering the newspapers that he had little time to play. It was hard work all the way. His critics claim it made him a dull boy while his pals cherished him as "Scoop."

Twice he has run lukewarm campaigns for the presidency. On both occasions, in 1972 and again in 1976, the Democratic nomination went elsewhere—first to George McGovern, then to Jimmy Carter—largely because Jackson was unable to project his enormous experience and competence

and partly because he was perceived as a Cold War warrior whose time had passed.

He is a rack. Colorless and staid. He tends to put people to sleep when he struts on stage and starts to drone out his well-rehearsed but hard-line speeches without a trace of humor or banality. His jawy face just hangs out there over the podium while his hopes for the White House were dashed by the wit, the grin and even the glaze of others.

Jackson was 60 years old in 1961 when he married 26-year-old Helen Eugene Harlin, a receptionist in a colleague's office. They have two children, Annmarie, 16, and Peter, 13. Now at 67, he has formidable presidential ambitions for the security and satisfaction of his role on Capitol Hill where he handles the politics of control with consummate skill. Jackson is at peace with himself, at ease with nearly everyone else.

Which is why the world will be hearing a great deal more of this senatorial battle-horse in the months to come.

With a wide power base in the Senate, he sits solemn as a troll watching with apparent dismay, and seems say somewhat delight, as Carter (who, even after 2½ years in office, is still an outsider) continues to bungle and botch his relations with Congress. The senator claims to support the administration all he can, but adds that it just won't be helped. He has even complained publicly of the president's "thoughtless and indecision." This in turn had led the White House to wish that Jackson would not help quite so much.

The senator's influence comes from his seniority and contacts. He has been in Congress since 1948, a member of the House of Representatives for 12 years and a senator since 1962. First he was a liberal, close to John F. Kennedy. But lately, as the mood of the nation has swung right, he has become conservative, particularly in foreign affairs.

In recent years, Jackson has been voted the Senate's "most effective" member and was listed in the Gallup poll as among the world's 10 most admired Americans. He has a knack of placing himself at the centre of important issues as that the president, either members of Congress and the bureaucracy have to deal with him on a wide range of subjects. He is chairman of the Energy and Natural Resources Committee, making him a key figure and broker in the protracted fight over Carter's energy legislation. He is chairman of the Arms Control Subcommittee of the Armed Services Committee which gives him a big say in the strategic armistice. In addition, he is a member of the Select Committee on Intelligence which has secured him of close links to the CIA and, in effect, a private intelligence service that provides him with the sort of leaks he can use as political dynamite.

He was, for instance, the first to reveal a missile gap between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. He knows, probably as soon as the president, if the Arabs are planning an increase in oil prices. And his thinking reflects the worries and concerns of the military.

"Jackson's character, I think, is powerfully bound up with the Norwegian forbear he never ceases to mention," writes syndicated columnist Joseph Kraft. "He lives thinking matters through, and making up his own mind. Moreover, though he comes to his own conclusion, he is as uncomfortable as a conformist in an Olsen play

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POURTRAIT

With a wide power base in the Senate, he sits solemn as a troll watching with apparent dismay, and seems say somewhat delight, as Carter (who, even after 2½ years in office, is still an outsider) continues to bungle and botch his relations with Congress. The senator claims to support the administration all he can, but adds that it just won't be helped. He has even complained publicly of the president's "thoughtless and indecision." This in turn had led the White House to wish that Jackson would not help quite so much.

The senator's influence comes from his seniority and contacts. He has been in Congress since 1948, a member of the House of Representatives for 12 years and a senator since 1962. First he was a liberal, close to John F. Kennedy. But lately, as the mood of the nation has swung right, he has become conservative, particularly in foreign affairs.

In recent years, Jackson has been voted the Senate's "most effective" member and was listed in the Gallup poll as among the world's 10 most admired Americans. He has a knack of placing himself at the centre of important issues as that the president, either members of Congress and the bureaucracy have to deal with him on a wide range of subjects. He is chairman of the Energy and Natural Resources Committee, making him a key figure and broker in the protracted fight over Carter's energy legislation. He is chairman of the Arms Control Subcommittee of the Armed Services Committee which gives him a big say in the strategic armistice. In addition, he is a member of the Select Committee on Intelligence which has secured him of close links to the CIA and, in effect, a private intelligence service that provides him with the sort of leaks he can use as political dynamite. He was, for instance, the first to reveal a missile gap between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. He knows, probably as soon as the president, if the Arabs are planning an increase in oil prices. And his thinking reflects the worries and concerns of the military.

"Jackson's character, I think, is powerfully bound up with the Norwegian forbear he never ceases to mention," writes syndicated columnist Joseph Kraft. "He lives thinking matters through, and making up his own mind. Moreover, though he comes to his own conclusion, he is as uncomfortable as a conformist in an Olsen play

Every great Screwdriver has a silent partner.

when weekly out of step with his peers."

In a recent interview, Jackson stressed his interest in China and the role it could play with respect to the Soviet Union. He recalled that he was one of the last Americans to speak with the late Chao Shu-ho, member of the present Chinese leader, Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, when Teng visited the U.S. earlier this year, he made a stop in Washington state where Jackson was his guide and the two made much of being photographed together, looking as friendly as those two particular individuals know how.

His love affair with China is in part rooted in that country's anti-Soviet policies. The senator has never trusted the Soviets one inch. He is convinced that the only way to deal with them is from strength and with a big stick. In 1975 he pushed through a bill that ties trade credits with Moscow to the rate of Jewish emigration allowed by the Kremlin. At first Moscow reacted with

intrigue, claiming interference with internal affairs, and allowed fewer Jews to leave than ever. But the trade restrictions have been being, and recently emigration has crept up again. China is also guilty of human rights violations, however, and if Peking was allowed trade consistent it would seem discriminatory to the Soviets. Thus Jackson appears to be ready to compromise his own values and close observers predict that he may soon move to lift the trade-emigration restriction from the Soviet Union in order to justify giving China a favored status.

But if he gives a little ground on emigration and trade with Moscow, he has no intention of letting the Soviets get away with anything in the SALT II agreement, likely to come before the Senate this summer. Already he has the president jittery about the treaty's future. The senator says that he regards it with "constructive skepticism."

He charges that there is no way under

the new SALT agreement that the U.S. can be sure that the Soviets are not cheating. He wants tighter restrictions put on the Russian backfire bomber and he wants them to take off the production of American Cruise missiles. This, furthermore, is an area in which he can be guaranteed to hang tough.

Scoop is a man of habit. "He has changed less in 30 years than any man I know—he's a workaholic, going all the time," says an old friend. The general political intranquillity seeps through to his personal life. His wife, Helen, observes: "At lunch he doesn't mind having the same thing day after day. He sits in the same chair and at the same table in the Senate dining room. The waitresses peek out and see him coming and put on a hamburger and that's it. Even close friends and aides know of no anecdotes, personal shortcomings or jokes about him. As for pet it: 'The Scoop you see is the only Scoop there is.'"



Canada's cradle is all-American

Geographically St. Croix Island is a dot on the map—a five-acre oval of American land floating on the St. Croix River between Maine and New Brunswick. But historically, St. Croix Island rose as David's Island, threw a long shadow. In 1604-5, the Sieur de Monts and Samuel de Champlain turned it into the first permanent French settlement in North America. For that reason New Brunswick Premier Ritchie and Halden have been campaigning to have the island declared as a U.S. Canada international historic site.

The idea isn't without precedent. In New Brunswick's Campbellville island in the nearby Bay of Fundy, U.S. and Canadian

authorities jointly administer an international park of the original summer home of the late president Franklin D. Roosevelt. And indeed the Americans, who have already designated St. Croix a U.S. national landmark, seem prepared to go along with Halden. It's Ottawa that can't make up its mind, which perturbs New Brunswickers from the premier on down.

When Champlain and de Monts arrived at St. Croix in June 1604, they were impressed with its sheltered anchorage, good soil and rich fishing. Military men de Monts also happily noted that once they had established a fort, the island could withstand Indian attacks and enemy vessels would "only pass along the river at the mercy of the current." But during the following twenty years the colonists discovered they were cut off from their mainland wood supply by ice, boats moving in and out with the tides. Meanwhile the men confronted scurvy, and by 1608 only 35

Champlain, founder of St. Croix. In 1604-5, whose history is it, anyway?

in the colony of 78 had died. Consequently the following June the party abandoned St. Croix island for a more congenial location at Port Royal, Nova Scotia.

The transient nature of the St. Croix settlement partly explains Ottawa's hesitation on the current project. There already is a "problem" reconstruction of the habitat for Port Royal rules. But Thompson Atlantic region director of Parks Canada and Champlain herself is honored there.

This summer Academics will mark the 375th anniversary of the St. Croix colony with special events ranging from community support to concerts. Ironically unless federal authorities act more quickly than they have so far, a July 1 disposition to this site of what Academics call the "founders of Canada" will be a journey to U.S. soil.

David Fehrer

The Strawberry Season will last 165 days this year. Discover Hiram Walker has captured the natural, summer-fresh strawberry essence and flavoured in new Strawberry Liqueur.

You can savour it now. On the rocks. Pop a jugger into a glass of icy white wine. Or face it through a creamy, summer-inspired dessert.

Marvello!

You can't stop the strawberry whose time has come.

Strawberry Liqueur

Strawberry Punch, Strawberry and cold.

Strawberry Shortcake

New Strawberry Liqueur
From Hiram Walker.
The taste of summer.

The above recipes are on the bottle, and for more exciting food and drink recipes write to "Strawberry" P.O. Box 46, Station K, Toronto, M6P 2K1.

A Hollywood Indian revamps the role

Just four years since his appearance opposite Jack Nicholson in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, Will Sampson, a full-blooded Creek Indian from Okmulgee, Oklahoma, now numbers among the highest paid, busiest movie stars in Hollywood. He has played an Indian translator in the Robert Altman film *The Buffalo Hunt* and the Indians, and an Eskimo in the high-octane thriller *Over the Top*. He played a sergeant on the six-hour TV version of *From Here to Eternity* and appears regularly on the TV series *Hillbilly*. This winter, Sampson spent six chilly weeks near Kitchener, Ontario, playing the lead (for a reported fee of \$600,000) in Don Siebel's \$25-million feature film, *Pink Hawk*. But the project closest to his heart these days is a supporting role in an all-Indian series planned for next called *Born With the Wind*, starring his 21-year-old son, Tommy (who works as Will's stand-in on all his films).

"The idea," says Will, "is to take the money and run. Take it and pour it down the throats of my people." Sons of Sampson's movie earnings have gone toward the support of Red Wind, an Indian enterprise in Los Angeles that helps alcoholics. And the actor donates a lot of time and energy to Gaybrook State, a national Indian cultural centre at Ft. Lawton, Oregon.

To meet Will Sampson, in other words, is to encounter his heritage. But his life, marked by mystery, contradictions and a considerable degree of violence, confounds all the stereotypes. A Grade 8 dropout, Sampson is nevertheless an articulate and wide-ranging conversationalist. And though he is, as director Siebel's remarked, "a showman who has travelled around for years," Sampson still stands tall (six-foot, six inches, in fact) as a member of the Creek Indians—one of the so-called "Five Civilized Tribes" (along with the Choctaws, the Muskogees, the Chickasaws and the Seminoles) who evolved a sophisticated agricultural society long before the whites came. The Creeks are also known as a race of giants. At 12, Will was six-foot, one-inch, his daughter, at 18, a budding seven-star is six-foot, two-inches. And his mother-in-law, grandmother, was an emergency-like five-foot, 10-inches when she died at the age of 125 last year.

Both Will's heritage and his size have



caused him problems, drinks in bars always went to take the big Indian as in a fight. "I've been chased, shot at, stomped on, and locked up," says Will, whose big, playboy twinkles bear witness to all the fights he has weathered. At the age of 16, Sampson, a Korean War navy veteran, has worked as a lumberjack, an oilfield roughneck, an electrical fireman, a wrangler, and a professional rodeo rider. He has been married four times, and fathered eight children. "But really what I am," says the actor, "gent, fast and always, is an artist, a painter."

Self-taught, working mostly in oils, Sampson paints western landscapes and tableaux of frontier life, which now sell for \$5,000 or more. His paintings hang at the Smithsonian Institute and the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. Sampson confesses that he made a "good living" from painting long before he became an actor. As for movie stardom, to hear Sampson tell the story, the producers of *Cuckoo's Nest* had to chase him around the rodeo circuit for 1½ years before finally pinning him down. "I didn't know what they wanted me for, except it must have been something I'd done," says Sampson. "Each time they got close, I'd just load up and ride out." When producers Michael

Sampson at work in "Pink Hawk," where he's the Indian jet pilot and bailiwy?

Douglas and Saul Zaent finally caught up with him, they pronounced him "perfect." (His voice has been likened to "friendly, friendly thunder" and actor Richard Harris once told him he walked "like the ever flowin'.")

Sampson sees his acting as a way of helping his people back to self-respect. Although many of his subsequent films (including, he suspects, *Pink Hawk*) have not been up to the standard set by *Cuckoo's Nest*, Sampson magnificently rebuses even the shallowest roles with heroic dignity.

"All the Indian heroes are dead. I'd like to create a modern Indian hero. The kids on the reservation could relate to, like jet pilots and bailiwys—an Indian good guy with courage and talent and guts."

Will Sampson's ancient grandmother used to have visions, dreams of rockets and machines that would talk, long before they came to pass. She also told her grandsons that he would be important. Given the rate at which Will Sampson has travelled through life so far, his words (as cinema or as collage) may just prove her right. **Bela Frezman**

Early warning signals on Canada's future oil and gas situation.

The barometers are there to read. Oil and gas already supply 65% of our energy needs. Demand is high, and increasing. Found reserves are limited. We import oil at prices controlled abroad. Alternative energy sources are still more costly. Fortunately, we can have more control over our own destiny. If we want to.

First of all, we should conserve the "found" oil we have—because that's the cheapest oil we're going to get. Moreover, we need to go farther out to find harder-to-reach resources in the west, far north and offshore. We need to finance complex new extraction and processing facilities, and costly pipelines to bring the oil and gas to market.

The dividends for Canada are significant. Real self-sufficiency. A better trade balance. Increased employment. And a stronger dollar. 700 oil companies are active on the energy front in Canada. They deserve your thoughtful support.



OIL FORUM
CONVERSATIONS WITH CANADIANS

If you would like to learn more about Canada's petroleum industry, ideas, brochures and speakers are available. Write to the Petroleum Resources Communication Foundation, Box 6746, Station B, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2B6.



The band leading the blind

I was disappointed in your article on the recent Keith Richards/Boling Stones



Richards... these days it's all we got

benefit concert for the blind. Only *Rock 'n' Roll* (May 3). The article wasted precious space dwelling on events leading up to the concert. David Livingstone merely touches on the most important element—the issue. The Rolling Stones are the premier rock 'n' roll band of our time and whenever they take to the stage, it is not merely a concert but an event. My major complaint is that your magazine shows total disregard for rock music. It may only be rock 'n' roll, but we like it and these days it's all we've got.

J. BUCHANAN FISHER,
STURTEVANT, ONT.

Art for safety's sake

Quick news! What do Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* and condoms have in common? Most people would be hard pressed to come up with an intelligent response. If women have recently been making inside jokes getting what many consider to be cheap forms of hygiene products off our television screens, and rightly so, why can't the advertising sales team of Canada's national magazine have a stronger grip on what does and does not constitute decent advertising? *Edmonton*, as opposed to *omnipresent*. Let's anyone be tempted to misconstrue, I don't believe condoms in themselves to be offensive, but their stupid association in an advertisement (April 30) with one of the world's greatest masterpieces is.

BRUCE LEGAL,
VANCOUVER

Point counterpoint

In *Parsons View of Maggie Wynn* (May 3), Barbara Arel shows a lack of understanding of the so-

called counterpoint movement of the 30s. The movement questioned the old values of growth for growth's sake, war as a way of fueling the economy, the importance of colonial balance, marriage as a business contract and many other subjects. To say Margaret Trudeau is a true representative of the section of society that embodied the change is inaccurate. Maggie's adventures show her to be a typical wealthy yuppie who would demonstrate her rebellious at appropriate times. Today there are many people about her age who have re-oriented the "system" and are socially aware and responsible people running successful lives. The fact that we don't have long hair, wear old clothes or smoke pot does not mean that our ideals are dead or that the more liberal attitudes on race, age, sex and nationalism developed during that time aren't there.

DAVID EMBRAN,
REYD HIND CRAFTS,
VANCOUVER

Eastward-ho!

Your article in the *Canada West* Foundation, *Canadian Sure, But Western Canada First* (May 3), leaves the distinct impression that the foundation is preparing for an independent West "... just in case western powerbrokers aren't listening..." What, in fact, the foundation is doing is working ways to ensure that the western powerbrokers do listen, including those who will be running the federal show in Ottawa after May 22. There is no blueprint for an independent West. The coalminers and nearly 500 contributing members of the foundation, located in all four western provinces and two northern territories, would not condone such precipitous action. There is, however, a full realization that an independent government is well and firmly on its way in Quebec. There is also full realization that it may succeed in its stated objectives. The scenario that we draw from here outside "What kind of a Canada will there then be and where will the West fit into such a new divided nation?" Naturally we are drafting models. We are not giving any credence to a movement for an independent West—it's a non-starter here. Our campaign is to get the West into Canada as full partners in Confederation. And we are using our economic studies of the future to help shape the political plan we should have now.

STANLEY C. ROBERTS,
PRESIDENT,
CANADA WEST FOUNDATION
CALGARY

AT DATSUN, ONE OF THE HEAVIEST RESPONSIBILITIES IS LIFTING A FEATHER.



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car that delivers fabulous gas economy—about the best on the market. And, your 210 can use any grade of gasoline—the option's yours. But most important, because we build your 210 so meticulously, to ensure durability

ONE OF THE BEST FUEL ECONOMY CARS IN CANADA.
3.3 litres per 100 kilometres

Based on the 1984, 1985 and 1986 1.3 litre Datsun 210 models. Actual mileage may vary. See dealer for details.

No one else does, but then again no one else builds a future into cars like Datsun. See the full range of 210 models. Today.



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The new PM: no ordinary Joe

By Robert Lewis

By month, the 100-foot whistling pines overlooking emerald Lac Beauport at Jasper Park Lodge, two tall men, looking slightly out of character in casual clothes, seemed to strike a note of informality. The minister at head was nothing less than the transfer of power to a Conservative government after 16 interrupted years of Liberal reign. And the hunter of the principals did not obscure the dimension of the change.

There was Michael Pitfield, the nation's top civil servant, an intimate of Pierre Trudeau and the postscript symbol of systems and eastern hegemony on the basis of the Bideau. Coming down the path to greet him in designer blue jeans was Joe Clark, prime minister-elect, inspector of bureaucracy, a long-time Pitfield critic and the first Canadian leader born in the West. By Clark's choice of venue, Pitfield had come to the edge of the Conservative leader's vast Alberta constituency to hand over the keys of the institution. "Hi, Michael," said Clark jauntily. "I appreciate your coming out."

For more than two hours, joined by Clark's chief of staff, Bill Neville, the three men talked in a log cabin, called Viewpoint, holding a country together with no base in Quebec, facing a minority Parliament in the fall, delivering on costly campaign promises, forming a cabinet, retooling a staff, reorganizing the bureaucracy and briefing himself on governing a land divided by parties on linguistic lines. After 10 hours of sleep during his first night in Jasper, Clark plunged into eight uninterrupted hours of meetings.

The tension was evident in the no-nonsense faces of Clark's staff, eyes shadowed in black stripes of fatigue after the 57-day campaign. It seemed almost anticlimactic and a lot more difficult than tapping a government. Charles Clark paced the measured lawns, his brow creased with concern about his son's new burdens, unable to rest or unwind.

Back in Ottawa, despite tears and unemployment uncertainties, there was a sense of relief among Liberals—even a note of grim determination. The honest ones had been saying for months that they probably didn't deserve to win and, now, the final results served as a kind of purification rite. There was some bitterness at the passing of the last Liberal government in the land. But many ministers actually had hoped to be relieved

some to an abrupt end. Now, faced with problems as daunting as the snow-gedged peaks of the Rockies outside Viewpoint, holding a country together with no base in Quebec, facing a minority Parliament in the fall, delivering on costly campaign promises, forming a cabinet, retooling a staff, reorganizing the bureaucracy and briefing himself on governing a land divided by parties on linguistic lines. After 10 hours of sleep during his first night in Jasper, Clark plunged into eight uninterrupted hours of meetings.

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Maclean's cover from Oct. 30, 1979, and (below) Billor, Neville and Pitfield the day will be the people in a crunch

of the burdens of office before the scheduled June 8 opening of Clark's government.

Pierre Trudeau volunteered a government adviser to fly Clark home at the weekend (the offer was declined) and advised Margaret McFoy to tour 24 Sussex Drive when the Clark family returns to Ottawa this week. At week's end, Trudeau called Clark in Jasper to

shared by the Conservative life, Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford late last week announced a provincial election for June 13, with most parties preferring a substantial majority for the newly named Premier.



arrange a meeting in the capital. They agreed that until Stoneman, the boss of the opposition leader, is re-elected, Trudeau will stay at the prime ministerial retreat on Harrington Lake. Just how long Trudeau remains as Liberal leader is a matter of doubt, but he seems secure at least until the referendum (see story page 38). As a sign of short-termism, Trudeau quietly confirmed Nova Scotia's parliamentary veteran, Allan Rock, as Liberal House leader. In fact, in Liberal ranks, there seemed to be a sense of happy anticipation about attacking Tories instead of defending the record.

Overshadowing the high drama of all these events, however, was a looming uncertainty about how the outcome of the vote will affect the future of French-English relations in the country and, by extension, the very existence of the nation itself. In much of English Canada, the prospect of a political future dominated by a government elected primarily by non-Quebec voters and an opposition party whose only real remaining base in inside Quebec was an unsettling preoccupation.

But the new leader was quick in his attempts to assuage such fears, rejecting campaign pledges to find ways of appointing "contemporary Quebecers" to his inner circle. Within the province itself, such comments as Liberal leader Claude Ryan argued that the results were anything but a disaster. Quebecers, said Ryan, had clearly and over-



Vicious Clark relaxing at Jasper: "Hi, Michael, I appreciate your coming out."

Photo: G. G. G.

whom were voted for Trudeau and his liberal, bicentennial brand of federalism and had, in the process, epitomized the independentist stance of Premier René Lévesque. The premier, on the other hand, contended that English Canadians, by voting Conservative, had espoused both a "native son" of Quebec and policies designed to accommodate the province within Confederation. But it was clear that the polarisation of support for the two major parties had, in the event, potentially swung the vote in the wrong direction, namely, towards a great deal dispersed on the sensitivity with which a Clark government approached the delicate dilemma.

It will be several months before even the opposition gets a handle on the tune of the new administration. But it is clear that it could be quite unlike the government that went down—like Clark manages to get a prompt and steady grip on the levers of power. He and his people start out with an abiding distrust of Ottawa's ability to run the affairs of men and women. They believe, in the words of Clark's campaign rhetoric, that "governments don't build countries, people build countries," and that the Trudeauists have been "governance against the nature of the nation."

What that apparently represented was the wishes of a new coalition detected in exhaustive party surveys of the electorate. It was right-of-centre, composed of suburbanites, entrepreneurs, young executives and others who have, despite newfound affluence, felt

Clip and save

- **L**ike Pierre Trudeau and the Liberals in 1974, Joe Clark and the Conservatives spent the 1979 election campaign warning the country with promises: How they will meet the challenges the challenge: Trudeau largely failed to meet. Here are some of the most prominent Tory promises:
 - **M**ake mortgage-interest payments and property taxes deductible from income taxes
 - **C**ut income taxes for middle- and low-income people by up to \$300
 - **I**ntroduce a tax credit of up to \$5,000 a year for small-business investors
 - **L**imitate 30,000 civil service jobs through attrition
 - **I**nvite Canada self-sufficient in energy by 1990
 - **E**xpand the country's grain handling capacity by 50 per cent by 1985
 - **M**ove the Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem
 - **A**void another tie vote in Parliament on special measures

excluded from the national government. In the words of a campaign slogan, pulled from the computer reading of the mood, they believed it was "time for a change."

Up from these ranks come the hit players and foot soldiers who formed an army of volunteers. They were people such as Brad Chapman, a wealthy reformer from Calgary, who served in campaign weeks' contact with swirling off-duty and who personified Clark's repeated theme of Canada as a nation of builders. One day Chapman sat down and designed an aluminum mask for the Canadian flag he posted at the cockpit window of Clark's campaign jet. And there were others like him: for example, fund raiser Irving Gerstein, head of Peoples Jewellers, who insists that new company recruits, including MRAs, start out behind store counters to find out what people want.

The people who actually edited the shots—Clark, campaign manager Lowell Murray and Neville—were more hard-edged pragmatists than ideologues. Unlike the Robert Standaert team, which grudgingly respected Trudeau, Clark and his staffers openly despised their opponent. That showed up in the negative ad campaign they ordered from a Quebec firm to slam Trudeau in his home province as an egomaniacal, arrogant TV headquarter, they checked that if Murray had his way he would have run pictures of a boat taking a profit, urging voters to do the same on May 22.

In sum, the Clark people share a suspicion of planners and flow charts, of people with aspirations and PhDs. In

McTeer (left) and Meggie on election night in New York's Studio 54: a limited role

"That the closer to the run you had been the greater the likelihood you would lose. All the backbenchers won in Toronto, all the winsters lost."

Trudeau closed the campaign in person, winning the television debate and drawing his most responsive crowd. But the Clerk people knew from their surveys that it wasn't enough and the virtually stopped campaigning in the closing days as they coasted through the Interior of B.C. and staged their only rally of the election in Vancouver.

Tradesmen successfully developed three main issues: energy, strong central government and Joe Clark's inability to run the country. But he committed major blunders by attacking popular programs, shooting at leaders and, in a celebrated meal with two reporters, making about staying in office with fewer seats than the Conservatives.

The Tories, in contrast, kept Clark tightly controlled, right down to providing a portable podium covered in an imitation veneer which was banded from stop to stop. The Conservatives ran into their heaviest seas over the perception that they would not let Clark face the other leaders in a TV debate. After heavy criticism, they finally agreed—and the decision arguably denied Clark

a majority. If any one move secured the minority, it was Clark's mortgage deduction proposal, which lit up the faces of residential voters like golden arches after dark. It was more than an appeal to self-interest, the Tories, aware that Clark could not beat Trudeau on charisma, correctly reckoned that the policy talker would serve as the major positive talking point of Clark's extravaganza.

Another factor that held back the Tories was the strong showing of the NDP in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, where Ed Broadbent won 17 of his 28 seats. For the NDP, the major disappointment, despite support from big labour, was the party's failure to pick up seats in industrial Ontario. More generally, the NDP fell short of its all-time high of 21 seats, although it had never been better prepared for an election (see story page B2).

Whether Clark can now govern as though he had a majority—in the way he claims he intends to—will become clear after he meets with Broadbent this week. It is not likely that Broadbent would risk the wrath of voters by forcing an early election. Besides, says a key Clark adviser, "we could throw them some things they can support," such as reform of policies on release of government information, perhaps even a change in Petro-Canada that would be acceptable.

The Peoples' issue is one on which the two leaders are at odds. Clark vows to proceed immediately with his scheme to sell off the state-owned energy company, part of his policy of "privatising" government bodies. Broadbent is firmly on record as opposing the move. Clark could turn to the Creditfunds for support.¹ Fabian Key suggests he is ready to scuttle the agency because he wants to use natural resources "under absolute provincial jurisdiction".²

The President takes in one of many examples of the dilemma facing Clark in implementing his lengthy list of campaign promises (see box page 28). He is committed, for example, to his costly mortgage scheme and to personal tax cuts in a budget this fall. But with so many industries working flat out—rubber, plastics, textiles and transportation equipment at 100-per-cent capacity, clothing at 95, paper at 94.2—the combination of tax cuts and new spending could stimulate inflation, instead of increased economic activity, and create even larger deficits.

Having labeled Trudeau "the prince of bankers' promises," Clark will be happy pressed to back away from his contention.

ments along his announced road to a balanced budget. One possibility is that the new government might do a soap accounting of the books and declare that the situation is worse than expected, thus delaying major spending or the tax cut, which would cost the treasury \$2 billion a year.

Another challenge facing Clark is to be the ardent master of cabinet and civil service reform, which will be crucial if he is to place his stamp on the lumbering machinery of government. Is Jasper and work, for example, these were long debates about a proposal from three management consultants that Clark keep the Trudeau cabinet structure in place. The new leader, however, wants to select a smaller inner cabinet, delegating other responsibilities to junior ministers. Given the tradition of regional ministers in Canadian governments, Clark and his transition team worried about the reaction, say, from

Up and down the razor blade

	1972	1974
Taxes		
Federal	27	—
W. V. T.	44.8	43.8
State	60.5	61.8
Local	42.2	38.3
Trans.	42.5	7
Other	41.9	35.0
Gas	32.2	25.1
Oil	38.9	22.9
Net	37.8	47.3
F. F. I.	32.8	48.7
WBS	30.8	43.2
Licenses		
Federal	22.6	—
W. V. T.	23	33.3
State	20.7	34.7
Local	19.9	30.9
Trans.	23.5	27.3
Other	28.6	44.9
Gas	19.9	31.3
Oil	24.7	45.8
Net	25.5	40.9
F. F. I.	27.6	45.3
WBS	27.9	48.4
New Democratic Party		
Federal	29.4	—
W. V. T.	29.4	0
State	16.3	22.8
Local	16.3	9.5
Trans.	22.6	31.0
Other	38.8	23.4
Gas	29.9	29.9
Oil	31	0.5
Net	18.3	9.8
Net	18.6	11.1
F. F. I.	7.8	9.4
WBS	21.4	9.4

new Brunswick if the only minister ended up in the second rank. Another quandary of the transition team was the plan to wrest control of government from the bureaucrats (see story page 34).

Clark's greatest problem could arise if, having won a mandate for change, his government becomes mired in conflicting advice and is overtaken by the status quo. As a consensus-style leader, he could afford the luxury of time to make decisions. The police allowed Clark to snuff his party as it had not been in there thus a decade. In government, however, the crisis of ineffectuality, if used to excess, can turn into a deadly trap for the politician.

The key will be the people whom

PQ: the plan that didn't fly

Though English Canadians fretted over the political decision of the country in Quebec last week there was less pay than inquisit among politicians. The role crisisly proved. A crisis was needed. The role crisisly proved. A crisis was needed. The role crisisly proved. A crisis was needed.

Though Premier Roy's Social Credit rump did manage to hold enough seats to have leverage with the Conservative minority government, Lévesque's attempt to sway 10 votes by his way was an embarrassing failure. Said a former Roy aide on a telephone: "The no didn't buy us a lot." So that was the provincial government by its inability to control the votes of the PQ's own members that the full no cabinet met until past 2 a.m. Thursday morning to devise a new strategy. Defeat in the upcoming sovereignty-referendum referendum, and the subsequent provincial elections now seem longer in Plouffe's dreams than the vision of a new republic. Fears of voter rejection was confirmed last week when a haggard Premier Lévesque announced that he would delay by-elections in two ridings until next fall.

The big mystery does remain that of the referendum. With the federal vote passed the premier has lost his best excuse for delaying this plebiscite—which he admits he would lose if it were held now. The premier's current explanation for delaying no longer is that the government is not, in his submission, begun its campaign to win over the population to its cause of independence. "We don't want to launch the referendum campaign before the federal election—now you'll see there's a campaign on."

David Thomas

Clark gathers ideas in a crunch. On the record so far, there will be a variety of sources in addition to his inner cabinet. The staff. The day-to-day contact will be Neville, a former political aide, and with government experience as a Liberal aide. Chief-of-staff Neville possesses the political savvy and professional ruthlessness to make the train run on time. His major weakness, as evidenced by Clark's weak staff in opposition, is that he tries to do everything by himself.

The war men. The first among equals for the election was campaign manager Murray. Like Clark, he is a veteran of David Fulton's leadership campaign in 1987 and Robert Stanfield's opposition office. As an old Clark nemesis, Murray has the most frank relationship with Clark, whether advising on the role to be played by Maureen McTeer (feminist) or urging a major foreign policy shift (moving the Canadian embassy to Jerusalem from Tel Aviv). Murray, however, is not planning an official role in Clark's administration, although he will be available for consultations in the crunch. Other "war men" are Stanfield, former Tory campaign manager; Philip MacDonell of Halifax; Malcolm Wickham of British Columbia; and Tory Premier Hatfield, Davis and Lyon.

Cresting. The transition team meeting at Jasper was a good indication of the

Clark prefers to tap into different networks. Apart from Neville, former Mr. Jim Ballou and close adviser Jim Giffen, the members are little known to the public. Ballou's partners were Edmonton developer David Jenkins, a former diamante of Clark's, and Jean Bize, a Montreal lawyer who worked with Clark, also on Fulton's leadership campaign. The other members were Montreal lawyer Michel Gagné, another Fulton veteran, who is on the party's national executive, and three PQ Rose consultants who volunteered their services.

As a self-styled "angeliser" in the back rooms of the Conservative party, Clark has literally spent his life accumulating contacts, some of whom, such as George Cooper in Halifax and Jim Rawkes in Calgary, were elected last week. From his assistant travel since he was elected leader more than three years ago, Clark has been able to assert that he has "a feel for the country Canada."

Whether that is enough to equip him for the severe challenges ahead is another matter. On the Quebec issue, the reputation of using the Senate to establish treaties from Quebec is hardly a substitute for an electoral base in the province. On economic matters Clark will need extensive briefing. In foreign policy his grasp is so far unproven, although by August he will have to pro-

pose a Canadian policy on recognition of the new government in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia.

For a man with so many problems, Clark looked remarkably confident and at ease in Jasper. The campaign trouble of the hands and the nervous error had disappeared. During a break, he joked freely with a Journal from Australia that if the visitor stayed on long

Six strings to pull the puppeteer

As recently as named in honor of the recently re-elected General Benoit Arnold was last week's inaugural sitting for Fabian Roy's pledge to support the minority Conservatives. Streaming with six strings, the promise is about as delicate as the first of the other who, after holding up through Roy's move to Quebec region in 1975 to attack the British in Quebec City, switched sides to lead Redcoat into the Virgin.

Roy and his negating Social Credit counterpart, on the other hand, were not. The Minister-elect, John Clark, had to defend against a Liberal New Democratic assault on his control of Parliament. But the assembly man from the Beauce has less experience supporting parties than he has in his own. During his new years in Quebec as National Assembly, Roy and virtually as a Social Credit "independent" and a member of the minority People's National Party before getting that to return to Social Credit.

Roy is an authentic Beauceron, a markedly different subculture of Quebec with its own traits and vocabulary developed as generations of Chaudière valley folk evolved in isolation from the rest of Quebec. The Beauce has its own distinctive architecture in the solid, over-sized and gingerbread-trimmed farmhouses securely covered by Quebec roofs whose turn-up eaves suggested like many Beauce families including Roy's own in the Franco region of Normandy. The Beauce dialect suggests a whole clutch of consonants replacing them with a heavy aspiration so that the town of St. Georges, for example, becomes St. Georges. That too can be traced back to France.

The Beauceron's fierce regional pride has also earned them a reputation as Quebec's most intransigent and prosperous small businessmen. This boisterous local economy—owned and directed entirely by francophones and francophiles—insulated against the effects of Montreal's English-speaking light—a safe ground for co-operative enterprises and credit unions. The 51-year-old Roy is a 50-year-old manager by profession and his ideology blends the

though, he "might learn to speak English."

One initiative explained the confidence. "It's worked as a social long time for this" although it sounds like the central on the stage, surrounded by the sturdy members of the Clark and McTeer families, Clark's talk about roots and small towns and individualism new seemed genuine. The room-

ing of the land around the leadership appears to have given him a confidence about the task at hand. As he walked toward Viewpoint, Clark with Pfeiffer, Clark must have been struck by an obvious contrast. Coming to Jasper, Pfeiffer professed, was "a welcome news. It's the first time I've been outside of Ottawa in a year." ☐

Beauceron's unique and prosperous blend in combining small assistance and underfunding the enterprise. The yearly order hanging over St. Michel Beauce, a sweet testimony to the formula's success every day, credit union-owned, which is made, baked and loaves two inches thick, white and ship them by truck to every Canadian province except British Columbia. Most of the bakery's revenue—\$15 million last year—comes from the construction workers' favorite chocolate cream, the Joe and Louis. In a few days less, sales production will peak, as it does every year, with the onset of the building season.

Beauceron love of liberty expresses itself hotly on the weekly valley high ways which are troubled by the most dangerous in Quebec. During the Beauceron's last election, the first one of the last people Roy called on stage to share his election-night story was campaign bus driver Gaston Lachance, whose plate Transports Sélecteurs coach carries a local Florida plate reading "Arrive."

"Normal for the Thursday night drivers."

Roy, the Beauce plate said "Arrive Thomas"



David Thomas



Raw material for a cabinet-maker

One of Joe Clark's first tasks is to appoint a cabinet. He will try, as did his predecessors, to strike a regional, ethnic

and ideological balance. At the same time, he must repay debts and avoid fragile ones. It will not be easy. Here are

a dozen leading candidates for cabinet posts, moving from east to west.

John Crosbie, 65
A former Liberal *Solus* of a wealthy Newfoundland family and MP from St. John's West for the past three years, Crosbie is a pioneer who often wears a beffoon in Parliament. But the wisecracking exterior belies a shrewd mind. A fiscal conservative, he is a good bet for the finance portfolio, a post he once held in the Newfoundland provincial government.



James McGrath, 47
Elected in 1987, McGrath, who holds the riding seat to Crosbie's, has been wearing a long time to concrete power. A red Tory, a full advocate of a strong central government, he will probably be handed a social portfolio such as health and welfare, where he would have to strengthen the medicare issue. The father of six is also a keen advocate of children's rights.



David MacDonald, 45
A United Church minister and MP from P.E.I. for the past 24 years, MacDonald is considered one of the strictest ones in Parliament. But he also sits on the far left of his party, a fact that scares some Tory cabinet-makers. He would be best suited to Clark's shadow cabinet for backing the party line. He is a candidate for secretary of state, the culture ministry.



Roch LaSalle, 45
As the only francophone in the Tories managed to elect last week in Quebec, LaSalle is a shoo-in for a cabinet post, possibly the department of regional economic expansion (OREE). A strong Quebec nationalist with ties to the Pequistes, LaSalle elicits publicity with Clark during the election campaign over the province's claimed right to self-determination.



Walter Baker, 45
A cheerful — but gliding — Ottawa lawyer, Baker was Clark's House leader in opposition and will likely perform the same function in government, guiding Conservative legislation through the Commons. As the ranking Tory from Ontario, he will also spend a lot of time defending the civil service — his constituents — from attacks prompted by Clark in the campaign.



Fiona MacDonald, 53
Once a secretary in Conservative headquarters, fired by Defensor for alleged disloyalty, MacDonald has been the MP from Kingston for the past seven years and has earned out a national constituency for herself. Another red Tory, she will likely be handed the federal-provincial relations portfolio, which will put her in the thick of the Quebec reformers' fight.



David Crombie, 45
The Toronto media king cooing the city's former "tiny perfect mayor" for his things in Clark's cabinet. But Crombie has been something less than a spectacular success since coming to Ottawa, last fall. He embarrassed his leader late last year by suggesting the Tories would make a deal with René Lévesque. To pay him back, Clark might snub him with the post.



Stewart Stevens, 52
A Toronto-area MP for seven years, Stevens made Clark Conservative leader when he swung his support that way at the 1975 convention. Clark won't forget the debt. But he may drop Stevens the post he wants — finance — because the Toronto business community would react negatively. A former Bay Street wheeler-dealer, Stevens stepped on a lot of toes on his way to making a million.



Rog Hootspeak, 45
The MP from Saskatchewan West, Hootspeak has emerged as a Tory star in recent years in the Commons. During the last Commons vote in 1985 on capital punishment he stuck to his absolute point views despite enormous pressure from his govt. colleagues. He is also a civil libertarian and has lectured in law at the University of Saskatchewan. A natural for justice portfolio.



Don Mazankowski, 43
A former city leader and MP from Vegreville, Alberta, for the past 11 years, Mazankowski serves as a useful bridge between the old Defensor Tories and the new Stansfeld-Clark brand of Conservative. He has, in the past, voted for bilingualism but defended Len Jones's right to run for the party leadership. He could take over the smoothest transport portfolio.



John Fraser, 47
A Vancouver lawyer, Fraser is a thoughtful, if somewhat boring, politician who made a name for himself in 1976 but bucked Clark after the first ballot. He has been the Conservative labor critic in recent years. A moderate, he has resisted calls from the right wing of his party to ban strikes in essential services. The pressure may now increase.



Allan McKenna, 45
One of just three MP to back Clark for the leadership before the 1978 convention, McKenna is definitely owed a cabinet post by Clark. The MP from Victoria and a retired army major, McKenna is a staunch advocate of armed-forces expansion. He will likely get a chance to implement his views as minister of defence, replacing departed Liberal Barney Danson. — Ian Urquhart



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Ask now for whom the bell tolls . . .

The day after the election, senior civil servants in Ottawa woke up with a bangover—if not literally, at least figuratively. Most of them had stayed up half the night, severely drinking and watching the election results on television. And most of them had voted Liberal while the rest of the country (outside Quebec) went Conservative. The bureaucrats were sitting, at least in part, against the Conservative proposal to eliminate 80,000 civil service jobs through attrition. While they had the satisfaction of bringing down two Tory stars in Ottawa refuges—economist Bob de Cotret and businessman Jean Piquet—they may have committed suicide in the process. For now the civil servants will have to do without two strong voices who would have protected them in a Tory cabinet bent on reduction. Indeed, at his press conference last week, Prime Minister-elect Joe Clark defined his determination to go ahead with the civil service cutbacks, in sharp contrast to the election campaign waffling on the issue by de Cotret, Piquet and other Ottawa-area Conservative candidates.

It is likely, however, that the Conservatives will find it just as difficult to cut back the civil service as did the Liberals. In August, 1980, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau announced that 25,000 civil service jobs would be eliminated through attrition and layoffs. By the end of last year, there were about 425,000 federal civil servants (excluding 14,000 Christmas helpers in the past office), up about 30,000 from the day Trudeau made his announcement. That total includes 70,000 members of the armed forces, which the Conservatives have promised to expand, and 21,000 Mounties, along with 6,000 prison guards, whose the Conservatives have pledged to retain. Leaving about 119,000 civil servants. Eliminating 80,000 of them—65 per cent—is probably not possible without drastic curtailment of public services, something the Tories are unlikely to renounce. In Manitoba, for example, the provincial Conservative government has cut back its civil service by 12 per cent and, a senior federal Tory admits, the move cost dearly. Not and Liberal gains in the province in last week's federal election were credited largely to a backlash against the reductions. The lesson has not been lost on the federal Tories.

More likely to occur are fringes at the senior level of the federal civil service



Pierre Johnson (right). This was quite a number of senior people in the public service who had been underground, working against my government and waiting . . .



now that the Conservatives are in charge. They remember only too well what happened in 1957 when John Diefenbaker took power and decided not to make changes at the top. Looking back in his memoirs, Diefenbaker says,

"It became obvious to me as we were out of office in 1963 that there were quite a number of senior people in the public service, about whom I had not known, who had simply been underground, quietly working against my government and waiting for the Liberals to return to power." This time, some Conservatives are advocating that most or all deputy ministers be Liberal. Clark has a long briefing papers a study that argues that socialist senior staff should be cut ruthlessly at the outset. But the Tory leader has not been so categorical, saying only that he wants the resignations of all deputy ministers on his desk "as it came . . . I wanted to act as then."

But it won't be that easy. Privy Council Clerk Michael Pridell, Ottawa's most senior civil servant, last week did not submit his resignation. Others will follow him. I had one deputy minister "If I offer my resignation, it would be tantamount to an admission of guilt, of partisanship. That's the American system, not ours." Instead, he is working hard to prepare for the transition and to avoid what he calls "the Diefenbaker trap" which pinned the civil servants against the politicians. Adds the bureaucrat: "I'm determined we're going to give the new government a fair run."

Nonetheless, some senior staffers will certainly go—voluntarily or involuntarily. Clark himself did not come on immediately after the election, but in the past he has singled out Pridell, whom he describes as "a sort of Anglo-Saxon Pierre Trudeau." Others likely include Ian Stewart, deputy minister of energy; Pierre Janssen, undersecretary of state; Gordon Robertson and Paul Teller in the Federal-Provincial Relations office, as well as Mitchell Sharp, commissioner of the Northern Pipeline Agency. In a different category are Art Canada Chairman Bryce Mackenzie, cbc President Al Johnson, Bob Dray, chairman of the National Capital Commission, and Edgar Bensen, president of the Canadian Transport Commission. All but Johnson are former Liberal cabinet ministers appointed by Trudeau. They hold freedom appointments and are beyond Clark's reach—although he might seek ways of buying them out.

Realizing these and other senior civil servants may prove harder than Erig them, however, Clark's advisers have drawn up a list of 500 businessmen and academics who might want to work in Ottawa. That sounds impressive, but Trudeau's advisers have a similar list that is twice as long. "The problem is not finding suitable people," says a Trudeau staffer. "It's getting them to move to Ottawa."

Ian Ungchert

Scenes from a marriage not ready for prime time



Finally it's election day and Ed Broadbent's expectations are rising at the speed of his brand-new, revved-up *British Columbia '96*, which he's using to drive dashboard-clutching Ontario voters to the polls. His spirits have been boosted from the very start of the campaign: eight weeks earlier, he has gained the official support of the Canadian Labor Congress with its 22 million members, which carried out its first parallel election campaign for the New Democratic Party. Then there have been the sign of the new Election Expenses Act, which suddenly award half a million bucks in NDP coffers and the luxury of jet-cruising for votes. Plus all those polished, prime-time party ads on television. "The lion is out, and I think that's a sign of things to come later in the day," Broadbent is saying as he heads his bullet.

Wednesday, May 20, 2 a.m. The mood of Broadbent's headquarters is far different now. So is Broadbent's. Final election returns from British Columbia have flooded in at last and Broadbent's optimism has soared down visibly. There remains only a cluster of beer-drinking cowboys, who, earlier that night, paraded the United Auto Workers hall to celebrate Broadbent's local victory as their re-elected member. Sonny Waters and his band, who had sung such foot-stomping songs as *You're Got Sausages on the Floor of Your Heart*,

and the march toward CLC membership simply failed to take off.

The working man's party was not without its dragon-slayers, however. Among the NDP candidates celebrating on election night were Jim Falken, a 26-year-old producer officer who defeated the Liberals's high-profile sports minister, John Cargnagosa, by a close 266 votes in B.C. in Saskatchewan, the beleaguered Saskatchewan Party rose between the powerful Transport Minister Otto Lang and Roman Catholic priest Bob Ogle, the cabinet minister was soundly trounced. Ogle lost Lang by a wide margin of 2,641 votes. In Regina, Lang's brother-in-law, Tony Morin, was also defeated after a tough campaign (which even included delivering carnations to homes in the riding the weekend before the election) by self-spoken NDP candidate Simon de Jong.

The new caucus will be younger, with many first-time winners in their late 20s and 30s. It will also be heavily western-oriented, with more lawyers, such as baby-faced Ian Waddell, 38, who was in B.C.'s Vancouver-Kingsway and earlier served as counsel to the *Harper* inquiry on the Mahabon Valley pipeline. He could well replace retired veteran Tommy Douglas as the party's new energy critic. Also, there will be Peter Blomquist, 29, from the new riding of Nanaimo in the Far North. He's the first Liberal to be elected to the House of Commons, a second change of native rights. From the B.C. riding of New Westminster, Pauline Jewett, a Liberal MP during the Pearson years and past president of Simon Fraser University, will be retaining an in NDP member. For Broadbent and his team, it will be a tightrope act in the new Parliament. If they align themselves too closely with either the Liberals or the Tories, it could mean a backlash from their two million voters and the NDP would then risk a grave risk of losing its new gains, as happened in 1987 and 1972.

Meanwhile, behind closed doors, the NDP and CLC will be closely examining their shaky marriage. The CLC, in assessing the poor Ontario results, must weigh the merits of actively supporting the NDP against its efforts to get in touch with Clark's new government. For the NDP, its push to gain support in factories might have been overdone, since some workers resented being told by union bosses how to vote. "It was an unimaginative and heavy-handed strategy," says Jim Loun, former leader of the left-wing Welfare Action, which broke away from the NDP. Such worries will wait until later for Broadbent, who is putting his feet up and relaxing right now. For the moment, his biggest concern is avoiding a spending ticket as he looks out his new car.

Jeane Labreche

Doctors at the bedside, Brutus in the reeds

By Pity MacGinger

In the personal hours of last Wednesday morning, a red-eyed, exhausted Al Graham sat in Room 607 of the Chateau Laurier and wondered if the night would go on forever. As president of the Liberal party of Canada, the senator had every right to feel as though he were presiding over a luncheon. Five hours earlier and six floors below, Pierre Elliott Trudeau had graciously conceded defeat, his final words plucked from the fawcett *Dendrobate*. "With all its slush, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world"—but for Al Graham there were only the ugly realities: 34 lost seats, 13 fallen cabinet ministers, and a single practicing physician confirmed in the frontiers beyond Winnipeg. By 5:58 a.m. he was staring at a blank page in his personal notepad. And finally, with dawn's grey light pouring through the cracks in the drapes, he scribbled three words: "A new beginning." And then he was able to sleep.

But it will take far more than words to heal the Liberal party. Sixteen years in power produced a patient now surrounded by specialists recommending everything from quiet recuperation through shock treatment to simply giving up and pulling the plug. The new party symptoms are the only impressive statistic left. Fund-raising problems meant the party was heavily outspent in the advertising campaign, was restricted to a final eight-day blitz which turned out to be too late to turn the Tide tide. It was a campaign, indeed, new one, that was not out of control when they allowed the prime minister to be "given his head." To add to the confusion, there was also a severe image problem, the Liberals being perceived as the party of the East by the West and the party of the French by the anglophone bagmen. "The voters carried the day," says one high-ranking party official. All hope was lost early in the evening of May 22, when Southwestern Ontario knocked the Liberals off "like a windblown paper," in the words of advertising strategist Jerry Goldstein. "Perhaps," says Senator Keith Murray, the national campaign chairman, "the election was never there for us to win." They had known on the previous Friday night that the election was lost. The final Gallup poll was leaked, showing

the Liberals slipping and the Tories holding, and a played party for press and workers at Toronto's downtown Holiday Inn disgraced into a drunken, slandering wake. Trudeau, who quietly stayed through the party, wisely compared the atmosphere to the mood aboard the sinking *Titanic*.

As always happens when confused



Trudeau: His return carried the day

Victory

and governments fell in the East and not a solitary provincial member survived in the West. "The provincial parties were once a pillar that helped hold the country together," says Senator Donald Stewart, the Saskatchewan campaign chairman. "Relations began to worsen under Louis St. Laurent, with Pearson the real villain, and somewhere under Mr. Trudeau they simply disappeared." Stewart would have the party return to its grassroots, as would others, and glory would return first through the provincial parties, which he feels were "ignored, then deliberately sabotaged." But it is not an idea accepted by all: the only total agreement is that some form of grassroots revival must begin immediately in the West where, in the words of defunct sport minister Jean Campegnolo, "the Liberal party doesn't exist past the Manitoba border."

That problem, and all the other institutional problems, can only be attended to once the party is settled at the top. Historically, Liberals have been less violent than Conservatives, but then they have also been less frustrated. Liberals acknowledge there will be some bloodshed. "You're only as good as your last show," says Senator Boyce Frith, Ontario campaign chairman—but it is expected to be a little more than a twilight of the short knives. When defeat was upon them, Trudeau called upon all Liberals to "clean ranks" as they have had to in the past, and although one FHO aide says "the knives are still



Turner holds up defunct Liberal candidate Peterson, petulant Liberal

ready as" in Toronto and Vancouver, the Octave begins did form a busy circle around their leader. It may have been premature, but by the end of the campaign Trudeau had once again returned to quoting Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, and his decision to stay as co-leader of the opposition sounded mysteriously like Laurier himself when he lost the 1911 election and decided "I will be staying with the boys for a while at least. It would be the dearest to leave them now."

Laurier started to lose another election, one that virtually eliminated the party outside of Quebec, and was eventually removed from office by a house. Trudeau, it is believed, will remain at least until the Quebec referendum. "I just feel if I walked away from this one," he said in a recent television interview, "I wouldn't be able to face myself in poster to come." Since the Liberal charter calls for a convention at a vague time following an election, it is likely that a Liberal showdown would be called only after the referendum, possibly one spring. At that time, by tradition, a secret vote must be held to determine whether a leadership review is needed, and should 50 per cent of the delegates say yes, a leadership convention would be automatically called. Though many Liberals did, apparently, the entire subject waits Trudeau's last say, such a leadership review would likely mean the end of his "I'd be quite certain that we'd get 50 per cent," says one powerful and disgruntled MP.

And it is here that the Liberal party will be won or lost. "I don't think it is

the party as much that has to be rebuilt," says Keith Elsey. "It's the approach." The new leader will depend on that approach, obviously, but still think it is to approach that the party is already beginning to split. Lester Pearson once defined the Liberals as "the party of reform, of progress, of new ideas," but ideas that he is opposed to decisions do not, by definition, progress.

There is a strong feeling within the party that the Liberals should widen the gap between their philosophy and the Tories. The fact that the RIR did not do so clearly as well as many Liberals expected, combined with a feeling that a Clark government is going to pursue social programs, has led certain strategists to say Liberalism should return to its 19th-century roots as a reform movement. "The party has a marvelous opportunity," says one. "We should go strongly small Liberal, almost to the left, 'liberal' any way." Those thinkers point to the rare English-Canada Liberal voters in the election—Mark McGuegan, Herb Gray, Charles Curran, Andrew Nicholson, Jim Fleming, Lloyd Axworthy and Art Phillips—in the standard-bearers for a new Liberal identity. A significant number of others, however, say that this country is in a right-wing mood, and to go even slightly to the left would be, as one says, "nuts. We'd be burned then." One Liberal MP even goes so far as to predict "I don't think you're going to be able to get the far left Liberal party leader from Joe Clark."

There is some talk that Trudeau may, as Laurier did, stay on to fight another election. But it is more likely he will resign or be replaced before such a decision might be called. "The potential

Liberals are just hiding in the needs for now," says one strategist.

Whichever it is that would claim the throne, the assumption is that it would be an English-Canadian, in the Liberal tradition of alternating leaders. It is a tradition only, not law, but one that likely would not be broken even though Quebec controls 61 of the party's current 115 seats. "It is hardly think of a time when the wisdom of that tradition is more apparent," says one possible Anglophone candidate. "To say the Liberal party in brief of Anglo-Canadian leadership would be the ultimate humiliation. To do so would be to admit we are a French party."

"In this party," says Jean-François Fortin, a name that naturally comes up when the talk comes around to breaking tradition, "the leadership is given, it is not willed." King passed to St. Laurent to Pearson to Trudeau; yet, in the case of the front-running candidate, former Finance minister John Turner, the leadership would neither be willed nor given—it would be taken. Turner, now a Toronto corporate lawyer said to be making \$250,000 a year, loomed momentarily at the tail end of the election just past, much like the laws passed in a fever. He acquired, as a Windsor, Ont., shopping plaza to make a last-ditch, and unsuccessful, attempt to get his law partner, Joe Peterson, elected in the new Toronto riding. And for a moment the old Turner charisma shone through as he frantically addressed a 1,000-bushel chicken owner. When he left, an old man chased after him, calling "Where are you going to go? We need you!"

This may become the Liberal battle cry. Mike the Tories, who have already shown a willingness to accept everyone's third choice as a leader, the Grits will settle for nothing less than a savior, someone who can guarantee a return to what is perceived as the party's rightful place on the throne. His, of course, never said he would actually run, but John Turner—handsome, starchy, smiling, with bilingualism and Quebec connections to go with his Toronto power base—would lead Joe Clark's service as a leader. But before Turner could lead Clark he must beat his own party. To many of his former colleagues he is a "gutter" who left Trudeau when he needed him most, on the eve of wage and price controls. They regard him as a hypocrite, laughing at them and waiting for them to make the effort. "He left before he was fed up with it, and he has treated some of the powers he needs the most—particularly Jean Chrétien who, otherwise, would have been a natural ally—through a series of petty and petulant 'newsletters'."

He could make peace with most of

those guys very quickly," says one Liberal MP. But there are several others, former agriculture minister Eugene Whelan among them, whose loyalty to Trudeau would make them go against Turner, should Trudeau step down. Whelan is even contemplating taking his own considerable grass roots popularity and running himself, rather than see Turner either take it. "I might not win," he says, "but, like Jack Horner, I'll dig down with both guns. Having the popular choice of the members, if not the Liberal rank and file, is practically the very main left behind the financial bag when John Turner left. Donald Macdonald, brilliant, capable and dedicated, Macdonald would none-



Another dark horse from the West

theless have two large problems to overcome—a temper described as "terrific" by colleagues and his own admission that he lacks the "real jelly" to move people dramatically. The second problem was solved at least symbolically when former cabinet minister Jean-Pierre Gauthier discovered a case of Golden Lady Royal Jelly in a Hong Kong store and had it sent to Macdonald, and though Macdonald kept it within reach and whispered in his office he remains adamant in his decision to continue forever "I'm not going to do it," he told Macdonald's last week, and he asked that his "irrevocable" decision be made abundantly clear in the magazine because "I don't want to encourage people."

Naturally, there are several dark horse candidates. "I have an enormous faith in destiny," says Jean Chrétien, who is mentioned should the French-English tradition be discarded. "I never told my teacher I was going to be prime minister some day. I'm not planning for it. There is also former solicitor-gen-

eral Francis Fox, who believes his massive victory last Thursday was "absolutely" from the stigma of having signed another mail name on a document to return the money to the RIR. If Fox, a Montclair, might bring the French-English chasm closer than anyone, but his achievements and still recent indiscretion would play heavily against his chances. Don Jamieson and Allan MacEwen, with both guns blazing as chance. Ono Lang, once considered a natural, is out of the running since his loss in the election, and the same applies to Jean Campegnolo. Dark-horse candidates would now include Jim Jones, assuming he survives from the high-profile speaker's chair in the opposition, and two new Liberal MPs, both from the West: Manitoba's Axtworthy and former Vancouver mayor PHIPPS, sometimes called "John Lindsay West" by hopeful Liberals.

The new leader's first task would be not to defeat Joe Clark but to rebuild the shattered party. Twice before—in 1911 and at the end of the reign of the other two French-Canadian Liberal leaders—the Liberal party has been pronounced dead outside of Quebec. "We've been down this path before, as darker again," says Senate Liberal leader Ray Fenech, who vividly recalls the defeats of 1897 and 1908. "It was infinitely worse then than now."

But it still has similarities. In the last week of the present campaign Fenech told his workers "This has all the same quality of 1907 about it," and he was right—a Conservative minority, disaster for the Liberals in the West. Kierit it for the moment. On the day of St. Laurent's death, the campaign manager Alexander (Sleem) Smith finally had to tell his leader that their failed campaign was the "playing marbles with marbles made of mud. The two main causes of your defeat were, first, 25 years in power and, secondly, no organization."

Despite all the tendency to compare Trudeau to Laurier, it would be foolhardy to take it the full distance. When Laurier went down in 1911 for the second consecutive time, he justified. "I've observed for me but they didn't vote for me," he said Trudeau is a two-pronged tool and smart; he will know when to leave. Again, unlike Laurier, who believed "the years have brought nothing good" at the end, Trudeau's final step is to open the door to the people of Quebec, Ont., to "Love us, one another." He is an optimist by nature, and if the future holds better without him the future will unfold as it should.

"We need a cleansing," admits one party official. He and others—



Macdonald: an unexpected case of royal jelly

inspired by Trudeau's ease in accepting that he was leader of the legal Opposition, no longer prime minister—turned instead to looking forward to the pleasure of smoking rather than defending, much like a surprised golfer under with a breakaway "They'll have more trouble coping with victory," chuckled Keith Tupper, "than we will have coping with defeat."

"The sooner you're out," added Graham, "the sooner you're back in." But, naturally, with typical Liberal codicils. But Al Graham knows, as all Liberals must now know, that the hard part is only beginning. □

Calgary

A case for an all-male jury

The charges against Roy Frederick Mund—kidnapping and wounding—started straightforward. But when his trial began in Calgary, Crown Prosecutor Terry Sturgeon admitted he was "old-fashioned" enough not to want women on the jury because he considered the details of the case too shocking for women to hear. The wounding charge, in fact, involved the castration of a 49-year-old former Calgary schoolteacher and the now-torn-out testis one of the most heinous sex and sadistic trials ever heard in Alberta.

Sturgeon got his wish: After a 29-day trial and 10½-hour deliberation on all-male jury last fortnight consisted of the 10 men, Roy Mund, a former guard at the Calgary Remand Centre Mund's lawyers indicated they will appeal the decision; prosecutor Sturgeon, meanwhile, it appears to have Mund delivered a dangerous offender, which would make him liable for a life sentence. To slow time to the application, Mund's sentencing has been postponed until June 6.

While Sturgeon may have been worried about female sensitivities, spectators were not deterred. Calgary, including several women, crowded the courtroom from the day the emotional, and often tearful, victim took the stand to tell of his terror-filled night last June 30 when he was castrated by a man posing as a police officer. The victim, whose identity was protected by Calgary police, admitted he was drunk and dragged the night of the attack and recalled sitting in a bar, then waking up in his attacker's car. The driver told him he was a policeman taking him home, then stopped at his own house to pick up a "Gladys" (his daughter). The schoolteacher testified he was then driven to a deserted area, forced to undress as guard and to watch as he was castrated



Mund accused got his kicks playing cop

with a knife. The teacher testified he begged his attacker to let him collect his suitcase and have them sneak back but his attacker made him put the suitcase on the ground and ordered the dog to eat them. The teacher was then returned to the city to be "treated off," but managed to escape.

In one quirky sidekick, Roy Mund's veterinarian was called by the defense to testify that Mund's dog, Sam, had an excellent personality and refused to eat ball testicles even after being starved for two days. Another side issue was the identity of a man depicted in 10 Polaroid snapshots found in Mund's locked filing cabinet. Police believed the man pictured had been injured in the postal area and might have been dead. But in a surprise appearance, a 22-year-old Toronto bank teller, Richard Blodman, testified that the Polaroids looked like pictures of himself, taken as a joke last March had testified after the two had gone skunk-dipping some years ago.

Police, worried at first that the attacker was within their own ranks, revealed that Mund got his kicks playing cop. Mund, who failed in an attempt to become a police officer in 1971, studied the criminology and collected police gear. Ten days after the castration, police observed him conducting a surveillance of

a variety store and playing cop by stoppage motorists.

It was when police searched Mund's house after that incident that they found male magazines, a magazine page depicting castration by gallows, male snapshots and letters of praise and testicles on Mund's dresser. They also found a gold Bolero watch similar to the watch the victim's attacker took. The teacher was unable to identify his attacker positively—a difficulty for the Crown—but he was able to recall in detail the man's dress, dress, station wagon and residence of his attacker.

Prosecutor Sturgeon contended that Mund "was an unusual and abnormal preoccupation with male genitalia" and, having obviously enjoyed the victim, formulated a plan to castrate and kill him "for whatever sadistic reason he may have had." Mund, on the other hand, fully denied the charges, claiming he had never seen the victim before his arrest a month after the attack on the schoolteacher.

Mund's lawyers leaned heavily on the idea that circumstantial evidence wasn't enough to prove Mund's guilt beyond a doubt. And the jury took an unusually long time to decide a verdict. But none is likely to argue with prosecutor Sturgeon's maximization: The teacher "underwent an act of almost unbelievable brutality for no apparent reason."

SHERRIE ZWISLOCK

World

Pigeons in the stew

By Mervin McDonald

In Tahrir Square, a clump of over-weight white pigeonboard doves ate surrounded at the heart of Cairo's eternal traffic jams, celebrating peace with Israel. But the city's suffocating pollution has already turned them a ruddy grey, and here and there a wing has broken off, giving them more the appearance of clay pigeons from some overseas shooting gallery. Indeed, two months after the treaty signing—and after the two teams negotiating its finer points began their difficult odyssey toward a compromise in the Nagov Desert—the outrageous hopes to which most Egyptians have clung as the logical sequel to 30 years of hostilities appear as tattered as the peace doves.

Last weekend, as President Anwar Sadat marked the return of the Sinai capital, El Arish, to Egyptian control, events were clouded by uncertainty. Furious Israeli farmers hurled rocks and cobblestones at Israeli police erecting the barriers across the desert for the next three years when settlers from 16 other countries will be forced to abandon their land. The border, which was to have been opened as Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin continually assumed, remained closed, pending further negotiations. At Sadat's invitation, Begin himself had all but foregone the start of the talks to determine a self-rule in the Palestinian-populated territories of the Gaza Strip and the West Bank of the Jordan River by loudly reiterating that Israel would never tolerate an independent Palestinian state or cede a millimeter of Jerusalem.

"Why are you so fond of embarrassing me?" Sadat recently boasted to Begin, accusing him of provoking the Arabs with naive ammunition to spite Egypt. But as Egypt entered the negotiations it was clear that Sadat himself had provided more than enough fuel for the wrath of his former allies who now threaten to leave him cornered economically, politically and spiritually.

Above the dome of Tahrir Square, the imposing skyscraper of the Arab League headquarters bears half-empty witness to the Arab boycott. Outraged by 18 of the 22 member countries that have im-



him all diplomatic relations and sever connections with Egypt and transferred the League's seat to a hotel in Tunis. Cairo has suddenly found itself reeling under a series of surprise economic blows.

The Gulf Organization for the Development of Egypt, which last year funneled \$1.7 billion worth of aid into the country, has suspended all projects. The Arab Organization for Industrialization, set up in 1955 to produce everything from jibb helmets to anti-tank missiles with \$1.4 million in financing, has been shut down, taking with it 15,000 badly needed Egyptian jobs, important technical know-how and a weapons supply Egypt had been banking on. Suspended from the Organization of Arab Petroleum Exporting Countries, Egypt stands to lose its shares in three oil companies with a total capital of \$26 billion and, if Saudi Arabia has not actually said it will not cut up the rest of the \$325 million which it promised to buy 50 U.S. F-5 fighter planes for Egypt, the prospects look dim since Sadat publicly attacked the ruling House of Saud. But the most serious slap came when Kuwait demanded \$1 billion in deposits back from the Central Bank of Egypt. And Saudi Arabia has threatened to follow suit.

If the majority of the Egyptian population still hasn't felt the lack of these petrodollars, some are beginning to, including the 394 Egyptian ex-employees of the Arab League and the tens of thousands of Egyptian film-making and publishing whose products are being boycotted. This summer the absence of Arab tourists in Cairo and Alexandria is expected to make a most noticeable dent in the public consciousness and the



Arabs prematurely jubilated after treaty signing and [below] Carter and Sadat: tethered peace doves

Arabs have yet to play their final card: expelling, or fleeing, the millions of the coexistence of Egyptian expatriate workers than driving the country in \$1.7 billion a year in foreign remittances.

Sadate's bitter May 7 salvo against the Saudis betrayed both his misprudence at the extent of their fury and a belt of desperation. Indeed, he was aware that where the old politics is full-belly politics—and where the government must guarantee \$1.3 billion in subsidized foodstuffs to its population or face the consequences that prompted the January, 1977, Cairo food riots—he stands in a precarious position.

From the first, he has sold the peace treaty as a key to Egypt's prosperity, and that line has been bought with anticipation by his hungry populace. Even some upper-class Egyptians are still supporting the treaty because of the \$1.5 billion in aid. But just announced through the "Carter plan." What few know—and the newspapers will never publish—is that the Carter plan does not exist. Arwar Sadat, the conservative showman of Knesset fame, invited in last November to a meeting of his newly formed National Democratic Party in Jerusalem. As Prime Minister Menachem Begin was continuing delegates that peace would not necessarily bring prosperity, Sadat, who, as a wartime actor, has a feeling for an audience, reportedly saw that the message wasn't a crowd-pleaser. He rose and promptly addressed his listeners not to worry—that he had undertaken with the United States to embark on a large-scale Marshall-type plan.

The official American line was not to subsidize Sadat by doing it and, as the weeks wore on and Sadat added figures to his initial rhetorical flourish, the "Carter plan" began to blossom into a \$15-billion extravaganza. His entreaties were well received; Japan and West Germany, although Japan has reportedly declined to commit itself to more than \$50 million in aid next year while West Germany wants no part of any plan named after Carter.

The Americans, for their part, had decided to commit \$1.5 billion in aid to Egypt next year—an increase of 50 percent over last year—an assurance of good faith. But American aid must be tied to congressional approval—and specific projects. Last year, because of the lack of feasible aid projects, the U.S. managed to spend only \$750 million of the \$1-billion budget for Egypt. As one aid official put it: "The Egyptian administration is quite simply in a state. There's no place for the money to go."

As the Arab well has dried up, U.S. officials have grown increasingly worried for Sadat's security and have let it be known that Carter's special representa-

tive for the Middle East, Robert Strauss, is discussing new ways of channeling more funds to Cairo. But it is a delicate year and an uneasy peace, nobody is banking on too much benevolence from Congress.

There are some in Cairo diplomatic circles—or what is left of them—who regard Sadat as a marked man. As truckloads of security forces line the streets at night and tourists are forced to submit to searches before entering hotels, Westerners are continually taking neurographic readings. For the moment, however, he remains firmly in control. But as the food riots two years ago showed, someone else can spark Egypt's masses out of their fatalistic tarps like spontaneous combustion. If that should happen again, the showman who produced a pilgrimage for peace to Israel and the Carter plan will have to come up with another hat trick—rather fast. ◇

Italy

Running hard to stand still

In Turin, left-wing terrorists coldly kidnapped a 58-year-old obstetrician for performing clandestine abortions. She was the fifth doctor arrested in 18 months. In Genoa, a 38-year-old teacher, a party worker for the Christian Democrats, was handcuffed to a railing; legs were poured over her head and a sign hung around her neck to identify her attackers—the Red Brigades. In Rome, a woman's suit swept through the offices of the Christian Democrats, held the suit prisoners for 35 minutes, planted bombs and made a dash for it, killing a policeman who was in their way.

As the daily incidents added up during Italy's otherwise desultory election campaign, it was becoming a slowly clear

picture: Italy will be the real winners when 42 million Italians go to the polls on June 8 and 15—the country's television and seemingly unstoppable urban guerrillas at both ends of the political spectrum.

Obviously what is at stake is whether the powerful Communist party—the largest Marxist party in the West—should be allowed into government in a NATO country. But as for the terrorists have succeeded in making police inefficiency and the nation's vulnerability to attack the real campaign issues.

The Christian Democrats, the broad-based Catholic party that has ruled Italy for the past 30 years and is likely to be returned with a few extra seats but still no majority, has plastered the heart of Rome with posters bearing a photograph of slain former prime minister Aldo Moro and the message: "There are those who have given their lives for your freedom. Help us defend it." But it does not help the country's sense of security to know that so far, although 46 suspected terrorists have been arrested in relation to the Moro killing, no one has been brought to trial.

Significantly, on the anniversary of Moro's assassination by the Red Brigades, Premier Giulio Andreotti called in the army to protect politicians and political offices for the duration of the campaign. But the terrorists last time tried to prove that even the army couldn't stop them; they penetrated the heavily guarded foreign ministry near the Tiber River and blasted a number of highly effective bombs.

Basically, despite the violent backdrop, the election campaign has been unusually flat in a country that normally loses a hard fight. The apathy reflected in a survey showing that 48 percent of the voters were simply uninterested in the election was simply extreme.

But the backbone: Italian protesters march against the so-called terrorists



In Canada, this tree, just coming to life, will take from 50 to 80 years to grow large enough for harvesting. A similar tree in the southern states could be ready in 25 years, 10 years in Brazil.

Competition grows

About \$1,000 per Canadian family is brought into Canada each year by pulp and paper exports. Competition grows tougher as other countries develop new ways to grow and harvest forest crops. Plantations of fast-maturing trees, sugar cane, even grass are being used to make good pulp and paper. To compete, our industry needs new machinery, new technology, higher productivity. And that takes growth money, profit.

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In plantations in the southern United States, they plant trees as a crop, like corn or tomatoes. The trees grow evenly spaced, in rows on relatively level ground. They take 20 to 30 years to reach harvesting size (Canadian trees take from 50 to 80 years.)

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The pulp and paper industry is Canada's largest employer. It brings in about \$1,000 a year in export dollars for each Canadian family. The forest industry contributes more to the Canadian standard of living than any other.

To learn more about Canada's largest manufacturing industry, ask for the publication "GROWTH". Write: Communications Services, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, 2300 Sun Life Building, Montreal, Quebec H3B 2K9.

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Enrico Berlinguer: Inescapable and gleeful

by a series of polls which predicted only insignificant shifts in the balance of power. The Christian Democrats, although tainted by denials of inefficiency, corruption and patronage, are confidently playing on the law and order theme. The Communists, Italy's second largest party led by the slight, aristocratic, Sardinian, Enrico Berlinguer, have been much damaged among the disaffected young by their 30-month collaboration with Christian Democrat governments in return for a say in policy. No longer riding the wave of popularity that swept them in within four percentage points of the Christian Democrats in 1976, they face continued a formidable task of proving that they are still an alternative to the status quo. An uttermost modest Sandra Amos put it: "The Communists are no longer a radical force in Italy; they exist even in not to rock the boat."

Muddled that, after the election, Italy's labyrinthine political system will probably be just as muddled as before, it is not surprising that the only party expected to make any significant gains is a generic, splinter party—the Radical party—whose charismatic leader, Mario Pannella, draws cheers with his quip: "Are you happy you were screwed by the political establishment?"

Although they are not only one per cent of the vote in the last election, the Radicals have fought for such high-profile and controversial issues as divorce, abortion and gay rights with a combination of showmanship and hard work (They once sat silently through a half-hour television program, their mouths gagged, to protest the media's lack of interest in their cause).

This time the party is expected to get up to five per cent of the vote and it has expanded its following from the outskirts of Rome and the northern cities to

the frustrated employed of Italy's depressed south. As a former Communist, now Radical, film producer, Giuseppe Francese, put it: "It's the only party that hasn't been tainted by power and still wants to exercise politics."

Therese Earle

France

No bounds on the body business

On Rue St. Denis, a brisk trade was driving off customers and making havoc with handsets and stolen hot pants. But, propped against the doorstep between a walk-up hotel and a 26-hour porno palace, Manouchka, as she preferred to refer to herself, was displaying anything but dampened spirits along with her leopardskin-sweatshirt-wearing "C'est la nature," she became through two unseasoned flashes of scarlet that still passed for lips.

For Manouchka, and France's other estimated 40,000 ladies of the night (and day), the victory came from the most unlikely of quarters: the law commission of the French National Assembly had finally rejected a proposition to make honest women out of themselves by fencing them off in legal, Amsterdam-style red-light districts or reopening the country's infamous maisons de tolerance.

Considering that prostitution has been illegal in France ever since 1946, the representatives of the world's oldest profession might have been expected to embrace the proposal. But from the first they gave it a cold shoulder. "It's slavery," shrieked Manouchka. "I've worked in these houses and I know. You work from 9 a.m. till 8 p.m. There is not even time to eat. You can't get a telephone call and, at the end, all the money goes to somebody else. At least on the streets, we're free."

Treasonably, it was in the name of personal liberty for prostitutes—not to mention a little matter of public hygiene—that a veteran Gaullist deputy named Joël Le Tac first proposed the law six months ago. But his real motives were to sweep the streetwalkers off the pavements where they have been flourishing to such an extent that residents of some of the tinner neighborhoods complain they can't go peacefully home at night.

At sundown, the Bois de Boulogne is littered with prostitutes of both sexes and every persuasion, some, an foot, are pooled only among the trees, others cruise by car. One prominent waiting judge was both flustered and flustered to receive four different offers in a one-block walk on the Avenue de l'Opéra.



French tart: Foreign-office snafus

Compared with that, and Le Tac, his proposed Eros centres were "the least evil" and, in a poll conducted by the newspaper *Le Parisien*, 67 per cent of French men (and 52 per cent of French women) agreed. But feminists rallied against the whole notion of prostitution and politicians avoided the issue like a particularly virulent case of the pox. Even Le Tac's own party leader, Jacques Chirac, was opposed. Under the proposal to have municipalities control prostitution by, as many of Paris would have found himself in the flesh trade.

In the end, however, the prostitutes' victory came for reasons that were less tactical than technical. The law commission discovered that Le Tac's project was unconstitutional according to a 1951 convention, signed by France, which asserted that anyone promoting prostitution ought to be punished by law. Not only did that leave Le Tac in an uncomfortable position, it raised more than one question about the blind eye the French government traditionally turns on the body business.

Indeed, when the debate was at its pitch this spring, police quietly shut one of France's most dilapidated maisons which had been run by a 78-year-old model-turned-madame named Billy since the Nazi occupation. Like her celebrated competitor, Madame Claude, Billy's sin was not carnal but controversial. By selling out to other interests, it was rumored, she had dropped out of official favor. Her house had been known as the "unofficial owner of the Quai." The Quai d'Orsay, as anyone knows, is the nickname for no less an institution than the French foreign office.

Marci McDonald

A switch to the bad old days

The United States threw the switch on a new era of capital punishment last week as convicted killer John Spunklink, 30, was put to death by Florida's electric chair. Spunklink was the first person executed in the U.S. since Gary Gilmore died before a Utah firing squad in 1977. But Gilmore was a loner—he wanted to die. Luis Monge, who went to the gas chamber in Colorado in 1980, was the last to be executed involuntarily.

Thus, when Spunklink was strapped into the chair by his wrists, arms and legs shortly after 10 a.m. on Friday a 12-year controversy died with him. As a result, as many as 100 of the 300 people now on Death Row in the United States—134 of them in Florida—could be executed over the next 18 months or so. What is significant about Spunklink's death is the psychological effect it will have on the judges and state governors now hearing appeals from other convicted killers. The nation's Supreme Court, in refusing to interfere with a state's rights to proceed with an execution in Spunklink's case, has symbolically washed its hands.

A small band of witnesses was huddled behind a curtain blind a few yards away from the electric chair in Florida State Prison as a black head was dropped over the head of Spunklink, its 15½ victims in 46 years. The first jolt hit him at 10:12 a.m., and was quickly followed by two more. After about two minutes a prison doctor examined the body and nodded at the hooded executioner, apparently to confirm the murderer was dead.

The state prison was silent as the executioner performed his duty but across the road from the grisly, building building, in a green cow pasture, about 100 demonstrators thrived themselves into a frenzy. One of them, Barbara Dwyer, whose ex-husband, Ernest, lives on Death Row, clutched a Bible and thrashed about in the arms of three friends as she wailed, "You wouldn't kill a dog like this!"

In Washington, about 20 people were arrested for protesting in the grounds of the Supreme Court while a spokesman for the American Civil Liberties Union, which has campaigned

long and hard against capital punishment, said the United States had stepped back into "a barbaric age." Spunklink fought his execution all the 5½ years he spent on Death Row after his conviction in Tallahassee for killing Joseph Raymond Lewis, a prison escapee whom he had picked up hitchhiking. The two men had travelled across Florida committing crimes together, but Spunklink later claimed his friend had forced him to commit homosexual acts and had threatened to kill him.

In 1952, the Supreme Court overturned all state death penalty laws because of the freakish way they determined who would die and who would go to prison. State legislatures have since sought new ways to make out the death sentence and in 1978 the Supreme Court upheld three laws—in Florida, Georgia



Spunklink's sister Carol (right) and demonstrators: 'Barbaric age'

and Texas—that provided capital defendants a right to hear. Since then,

more than 36 states have re-enacted capital punishment statutes and John Spunklink is unlikely to be alone in his fate for long.

William Lowther

The instant horror of Flight 191

A government investigator continued the search to locate the wreckage for what was the worst aviation disaster in U.S. history: a radio-wrapped inside an engine. The obvious question was why an engine on the left wing of the American Airlines Jumbo DC-10 Flight 191 from Chicago to Los Angeles, simply fell away on takeoff last Friday before the plane nose-dived into the ground killing all 27 aboard.

But that was not the only mystery. The jet was "designed to fly with one engine missing." Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) spokesman Neil Callahan told *Aviation*: "Even after the engine fell, it should have been able to continue its climb, turn and make a routine emergency landing. Something else must have happened and it may be a long time before we know what it was. The wedge-tailed jet had one engine under each wing and a third in the tail. Maintenance crews, mechanics and manufacturing experts were being closely questioned as the FAA tried to piece together the puzzle."

The plane was racing down the runway at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport. It

the baddest in the world, when the pilot told the control tower "We've got a problem." The tower answered "Do you want to come back?" But there was no reply and it was apparently too late for the answer to abort the takeoff. Investigators say the plane's nose wheel was just lifting off the ground when the engine fell away. Fuel streamed

The fallen engine: the plane should have been able to land but "something happened"



through the hole in the wing as the jet rose about 500 feet into a left turn, seemed to twist upside down and then plunged to the ground—the point of impact marked by a giant ball of flame as 72,000 gallons of fuel burned.

The airliner hit a so open field about a quarter mile from the end of the runway and about half a mile from a medium-horse park. Had its flight path been slightly altered it might have fallen into the park, doubling the death toll.

One of the most important pieces of evidence may turn out to be a film of the crash taken by Toronto businessman Michael Laughlin. In a window made the O'Hare tower told Laughlin "I saw the engine come off and it fell backwards then fluttered to the ground. I had to force myself to shoot. I couldn't believe what I was seeing."

The previous worst death toll from a plane crash in the U.S. was 344 deaths last September when a small plane and a Pacific Southwest Airlines Boeing 727 jet ran into each other over San Diego. The worst disaster in aviation history occurred March 27, 1977 when 583 persons died as a result of a collision at two Boeing 747s on a runway in Tenerife, Canary Islands but those were relatively easily explained: The Chicago crash may not yield its secrets so quickly.

William Lowther



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The star of TV's *midlife son-comedy* *Three's Company*, **Sommers** (left) isn't quite as dumb as the dimly, semi-clad Chevy she plays on the tube. The wife of Canadian talk-show host **Al Hama** has parlayed her jacking bones, blonde hair and toothy grin into the richest contracts ever for a TV actress—totaling \$5 million. She has been over in England shooting *Yesterday's Hero*, in which she plays a rock 'n' roll superstar girl-friend of a former soccer star (**Jae McInnis**). But she hasn't been walked on the streets over there—because no one recognizes her. Sommers and Company have yet to be invited on the British "Back home," she says, "I have to walk with my eyes fixed to the ground, praying nobody will recognize me. Sure. Next week Sommers will be in Tor-



Sommers, pouring a gigga into \$5 million

onto to start filming on a romance/comedy with **Douglas Sefton**, directed by **Guinea Enwez** and written by **Robert Kaufman** (*Love at First Bite*). Though there are scale in the games, the film isn't about the hunt. It could be, though, as it's titled, *Nothing Personal*.

Whether chasing down with reporters in his back seat at the *Westbury* hotel or taking a cutout of the *Clois d'Amor*, **Benji**, the dog, has branched out into the international film scene and has become unofficially recognized as the canine of **Cannes**. Hyped by his protectors as "the Laurence Olivier of the dog world," **Benji** flew to Cannes to promote two upcoming movies and a *Breaching* musical which is currently being developed. Although he was occasionally pruned to back for magazine reporters, the star on a leash was noticeably bashed when asked for his comments on statements made by *Apocalypse Now* director **Francis Ford Coppola**. When questioned at Cannes about the violence in his film, **Coppola** remarked: "Based on the many complaints about the beast's head in *Godfather II*, it's a theory of mine that people are more concerned with violence to animals than to people. What they don't realize is that the horse was killed to feed all your little peaches here." On duty, **Benji's** admirers have kept the next from him that in *Uppity*, a movie a puppy is killed falling overboard during a battle. No more upsetting the star.

Benji: the Laurence Olivier among dogs

At the outset, it was a bit of an enigma. How would the University of Winnipeg confer an honorary Doctor of Laws degree on Second World War intelligence act **Dr. William Stansbury**? **Stansbury**, who was born in Winnipeg in 1896 and was code-named *Isidore* during his stint under *Chowell* as British Security Co-ordinator in the Western Hemisphere, lives quietly in *Sherbrooke*, and, because of several strokes, he has suffered in recent years, informed university officials that he would be unable to make the trip to Winnipeg to pick up his award. Undeterred by the fact that the return of their native could not be arranged, organizers deemed an alternate plan and last Sunday conferred the degree over a telephone hookup between *Dr. William's* *Bernadine* home and convocation ceremonies at the Winnipeg Convention Centre. The long-distance ceremonial was a fitting tribute to the man whose major contributions to the war were in the field of communications.

Margaret Trudeau has taken a leaf from another author, **Rudyard Kipling**, who wrote, "If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster/And treat those two imposters just the same. And that, of course, was just what **Margaret** did on learning of her husband's defeat as prime minister. She highlighted it to New York's *Radio 54*, some of so many unbridled celebrations, and danced of the Liberal debate. Dressed in white dress pants, a pink blouse knotted casually at the waist and elegant heels, **Margaret** and her constant companion, lawyer **Steve Martindale**, arrived at the disco at a fashionable 2 a.m., an hour

after she had phoned *Pierre* to assure him, "I know you'll win." When a reporter told her he was sorry about her husband's defeat, she grabbed his shoulders, exhorting: "He positive, he positive." Thinking positively herself, **Margaret** opined: "Pierre's going to be the greatest leader of the Opposition—not only because he's going to fight for individual freedom but because he's going to fight for himself." At the risk of leaving New York a bit more boring than it had been, **Margaret** vowed she would fly to Ottawa: "I'm taking the first flight to Canada. I can get a seat on," she said, "but everything is booked. Maybe I'll have to walk—or dance." That is, if she has the energy. It was the third evening in a row she had been at the headline-making nightclub. **Margaret** denied she has ever really abandoned *Trudeau*: "I want to be with *Pierre*, I'm very concerned about him," she said. "I've never left him. He's the most wonderful man I know."

In other circumstances, **Dianna Zippi** might have considered it a waste had somebody mentioned that her best professional asset was a "great seat." But considering she's a jockey, **Zippi** doesn't seem to mind. **Zippi**, a 34-year-old Pennsylvania, has been jockeying thoroughbreds since 1975 in Detroit and Florida. But she recently made her way north to compete on the Ontario circuit in order to increase her mounts and establish herself as a top-notch jockey. So far, the track house has been unimpressed. And although she has just 18 career wins to her credit, and a long, long way to go before she challenges **Sandy Hawley**, **Zippi** maintains she's "winning a lot every day." Apart from her having to change into her silks in a separate dressing room, **Zippi's** family unit (and in another way when she



Zippi has had her seat in a great seat

told a reporter she was 32 years old—kidding a couple of years from the record—bald Ontario Jockey Club Publicity Director **Bruce Walker** noticed the discrepancy and went to the records to check and sure enough she was 32. When I learned her of being a typical female for lying about her age, she just laughed.

It's tough being the progeny of the famous, especially if you're illegitimate and have been disinherited, but **Paloma Picasso** says, "It's easier for a girl to be her father's daughter than for a boy." That makes sense, but maybe Picasso's son isn't *son* *Soop*. Anyway, now that she has her court suit for her share of her father's estate (estimated at \$80 million, not counting royalties, effects and bank accounts) are successfully over and she is married to Argentinean playwright **Rafael Lopez Sanchez**, Picasso is headed for Montreal. Proposed by her share of the estate (about \$30 million), she is searching for a producer for Sanchez's play called, coincidentally enough, *Success*. She designed all of the 50 costumes used in the play as well as the sets. Time spent in Montreal and New York has left the play a breeze from her share of getting up a Paris museum to house some of the 26,000 Picasso Pablo left behind. About selling some? "First of all it would be bad for the market and, secondly, they're very personal." Blood runs thick.

As the "honorary father" in millions of children, **Dr. Benjamin Spock** in *Ruby and Chief* have advised men and kids to add their babies to their family's collection—only to be blamed for creating an entire generation of radicals. Speaking at *Planned Parenthood's* annual meeting last week, **Spock**, 76, proudly recalled his involvement in 1968 for conspiracy to cause civil resistance. "I did it to be raising more bell like we did in the '60s." Spurred on by his new wife, **Senianna Mary Morgan**, 35, **Spock**, anti-nuke since 1963, has added the *Equal Rights Amendment* to his list of public concerns, but his preoccupations on child-rearing are humbler than they were in 1946 when his best seller (second only to the Bible and Shakespeare) was first published. "Kids today can't be intimidated," he says. "They have extraordinary self-assurance. It's the adults who have lost it. As one parent observed, 'He's as confused as the rest of us. It's good to know he's human.'"

Edited by Jane O'Hara

Spock and wife Mary: anti-nukes since '62



Benji: the Laurence Olivier among dogs

The short whiff of victory



As an ending, it may turn out to be just another beginning. Although U.S. Judge Pierre Leval lifted the temporary restraining order last week on the purchase by Edger Equities Ltd. of a controlling 35 percent of Canadian conglomerate Braseen Ltd., the celebration was short. "A complete and super victory," said Peter Brundson, who, along with brother Edward and Netherlands-based Patina NV, formed Edger Equities to buy Braseen. At work's end, however, it was not at all clear whether the corporate battle would continue or if, on the other hand, bubbles of reconciliation were beginning to form. At issue in court were conditions imposed by Braseen on Edger's \$155-million purchase of 6.7 million Braseen shares April 30 and May 1. "Edger's rights have been seriously abridged," Judge Leval said in New York. "In retrospect, I am critical of myself for not allowing Edger to call a shareholders' meeting sooner." Edger can now vote its shares at the June 26 Braseen shareholders' meeting, solicit support or buy more shares.

While that is the focus of the court ruling, the flow may be elsewhere. Edger wants Braseen to abandon its \$1.3-billion take-over bid for P.W. Woolworth Co., arguing that it is a bad investment for Braseen, a view Edger would prefer to pursue in the board-

Edger's Peter Brundson: the push and pull of reconciliation and reconciliation begins. Can Moors find a white knight in time?

room, not the courtroom. For Braseen Chairman Jake Moore, who began the affair by bidding for Woolworth with \$475 million received from the Brazilian government for Light, a Braseen subsidiary, and a borrowed \$800 million from the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, there are two choices. He can sit down with Edger, sharing management with them—or he can find, in take-over terminology, a "white knight," someone friendly to Braseen who would buy Edger's holdings.

Edger's first choice would be to raise its Braseen holdings to an investment vehicle, rather than profitably selling its shares purchased in the two-day sweep on the American Stock Exchange. That sweep became central to the four days of hearings in New York where stacks of affidavits and lengthy public testimony by the principals explained Edger's desire to purchase another 24 million shares May 1, after announcing the evening before that it was "out of the market." Shares were bought with Edger Investments VI, a fund owned by Timothy Price, president of Gordon Securities, while James Conacher of Gordon and others from his

firm (apparently without consent of Price) called up to 40 Canadian financial institutions and 10 individuals with large holdings, arguing them to sell Conacher instead that Price was aware of his phone call. According to Price's testimony, he began negotiating late in the morning that Conacher was buying shares to market for Edger to buy. It was a service, Edger maintains, that Conacher did as a friend at no cost.

Meanwhile, Moore has said Braseen will press on with its Woolworth bid, pointing to last week's findings of the Securities Commissioner of South Carolina (one of three U.S. states where approval is needed), who said Braseen's \$15-per-share bid was fair. He also cleared The Bank of Commerce (whose clients at the time of the Woolworth bid included both Braseen and Woolworth) of accusations by Woolworth that the bank had shared confidential information with Braseen about Woolworth in preparing the bid.

Braseen's annual meeting June 26 will provide long-awaited answers to both the sale of Light and the Woolworth bid. An April 12 Braseen letter to shareholders had several key phrases deleted from a near final draft obtained by *Money's Post* example. "I'm not allowed sufficient time to submit the proposed sale [of Light] for consideration at a meeting of shareholders."

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"It would not be practical to send to shareholders the information [on Woodworth] necessary to permit you to make a informed decision on any proposal put to you." If there is no white knuckle, the meeting's push-and-pull will come between Brown management and Edger, seeking the balance between reconciliation and confrontation. "We would hope," says Brewin, "we'd have a major position with a major voice. But, I don't think you can set your heart on something so many things could happen now." **Roderick McQueen**

The Westerlies are prevailing

The hand that will point out bone truths to cabinet ministers is, at this particular moment, plain on the floor, larger, finger slightly raised, demonstrating the line of frog catching. With his six-foot-three frame crunched downward, John Bolman is waiting to the moment, showing the trick taught him by a native Canadian friend. The up-front-behind nose blacks thickened eyebrows, you see, an important consideration where the frog are not by weight for stud in the United States just another of the countless business projects that has left

Q&A President John Bolman: not one of those who sits back and waits for his business to be presented to political court



the guidance of Bolman, who will be named next week to a one-year term as president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association (CMA), a 200-year-old trade group with 4,500 member firms representing 75 per cent of value-added output in Canada. At 50, the president of the Bolman Group Ltd. follows his father, who was president in 1956, and grandfather who presided at acceptance speech in 1965 was retired "National Unity" John's a business man with a very strong social conscience," says Manitoba's minister of finance, Don Cousens. Adds Clyde McLean, president of Winnipeg's Ancient Industries, and friend and business associate for 10 years, "He's constitutionally unable to resist a challenge."

The CMA challenge is one of some sympathy with slowly declining membership, a proliferation of other high-profile groups such as the Business Council on National Issues and a growing public cynicism toward anyone who stress his own self-interest. Bolman, however, is not one of those self-hatted protectionists with his slick business jargon pressed to his political ear. An ex-speakerman for the CMA, with its staff of 36 and a \$3-million annual budget, he will be sharing his CMA time with such diverse activities as convict rehabilitation, native Canadian reeducation, trusteeship of a \$125-million atomic pension fund and running his own business.

Bolman began his work life at 14, delivering calendars at three cents each for Bolman Bros., the family printing

firm, worked in the press room at 25 cents an hour, spent through various supervisory jobs, struggled with a newspaper, 300,000 circulation was told when his father died in 1946 and has brought the Bolman Group to 85 million annual sales with 800 employees. It includes: Cable Ltd., a Winnipeg-based advertising specialty and business gift firm, Industrial Printing & Litho Ltd. in Edmonton, Norfolk Hart Ltd., a business specialties firm with branches in four provinces, Canada Match Book Ltd., Toronto custom designers of matches and packaging; Bolman Bros (1908) Ltd., lithography and printing. The latter firm, begun by his grandfather in 1895, printed, among other things, various labels for the many highlighter brands of pens that poured out of Harry and Sam Bolman's Skunkatoban vats in the 1930s.

Just as inheritance wasn't easy for Bolman, the time stress has been tough. In 1965, when father friend and lawyer Duncan, Justice Sir, now of Philadelphia & Hokin, was involved in the purchase of R.R. Hart Co. of Toronto (now Norfolk Hart), members of the Bolman Bros. board (except John's father) were again the last "I will take no salary increase until I am 60 years old," John told them. It took five years, a period when selling the business was considered, before he thawed the self-imposed pay freeze. Says Justice today: "I wish I had that kind of faith. That's how much a dollar is worth."

A millionaire in assets if not in hand, Bolman welcomes the recent move by the government of aid stripes to get out of private sector's way. "They were concerned they could legislate success," he says. "They came around." The move says the new president will bring to governments and audiences across the country this year will include the need for more skills training now that factories are operating at 90-per-cent capacity, using the competitive advantages of the devalued Canadian dollar; consolidation of tax excesses so that a company can offset profits in one area against losses in another; and the need to keep costs in line and generate investment capital. And while the few empty corners of his life fill up with new responsibilities, he will likely continue his week-long, 150-mile canoe trips, riddled with portages and white water on such Manitoba rivers as the Berens and Redstone, he will keep on job-hunting for someone just released from prison, and still head for downtown Winnipeg to talk to activist people. At a time when the winds from Canada's West blow with the power of petroleum and politics, Bolman's full-time philosophy will be part of the fresh air.

Roderick McQueen

Media A Great Lady out hustling

What in the name of all that is Dignified, Authoritative and Uplifting is going on at the *Globe and Mail*? The great, gray lady of Toronto's Front Street, Canada's most influential English-language daily newspaper, has been a bit with the critics for generations. At the same time though, particularly in the last decade, the comparatively little *Globe* has been a bit of a host at the box office when it's tried to change all that and, according to her new publisher, 42-year-old Ray Maguire, she is being greeted by some encouraging success.

The *Globe* and *Mail's* reputation for editorial excellence has been noted historically in hard-hat reporting, intelligent interpretation, and tact-consciousness. But while she has been belligerent editorially, she has been absolutely different about—perhaps the crux thought—selling herself.

In an effort to draw new readers, the *Globe's* content has changed substantially during the past two years. It has added new business, broadcast, pop, sports, style and shopping sections. It has increased its number of national and international correspondents. It has given some of its columnists a reputation as interpretive elbow room with daily and weekly columns. While the editorial changes have been direct, the non-editorial changes have not. Consequently, the most remarkable difference between this year's *Globe* and last year's is that it is bringing head-on into the marketplace and battling circulation in a decidedly un-Globe-like way. After almost eight years of sitting around and watching the brass, bowen Toronto Sun came out, a fair place for itself in Toronto's morning newspaper market, the *Globe* is finally taking down its own business. It's talking about itself shamelessly in its own columns. It spent \$256,000 on radio advertising in the first six months of this year, by buying billions of spots in Toronto's subway and commuter trains and stations. It's coming out of 1,200 more corner stores and 2,000 more orange and black street boxes.

The results have been striking. Back last September when Maguire, a



brassy, boyish-looking native of Belfast, walked down the street from a corporate development vice-presidency at the Toronto Star, the *Globe's* morning daily circulation rose 386,562 by the end of May, that daily average was nudging 300,000. Given some competition in the supersaturated Toronto area, a 135-per-cent circulation gain in nine months has to be unusual.

In any newspaper circulation drive, there is inevitably a question of whether the paper will become something else in order to achieve a bigger audience. The *Globe's* editorial staff characteristically has not been shy about asking Maguire if he stands to change the *Globe's* priorities and tone. Over the last year, their sensibilities have been heightened by three things: the promotion of a textbook-tough managing editor, Clark Dunlop, to the publisher's chair at The Vancouver Star; the launching of an extensive and expensive market research program (WII

publishers polls replace some editorial judgment); and the *Globe's* venture into computerized information banking, raising the paper's editorial line available to paying customers on television. The terminals fed by a service called InfoGlobe.

Last April, at lunch, a *Globe* editor asked Maguire whether the paper was throwing traditional priorities out the window. By the end of the day, Maguire had posted a note addressing the "notion" that some of his editorial staff were regarding some of his priorities. He pointed out that while the paper is spending \$750,000 on the new information banking business this year, it is spending \$5.5 million ("about 13 per cent of total revenues") on the editorial side and is returning readers about 45 per cent of its total capital editorial content, "compared to about 30 to 35 for most other major newspapers in North America."

It's that kind of open talk that has flustered editors with confidence that Maguire is absolutely reliable when he says "there's not a snowball's chance in hell" that the *Globe* will become captive to market research. "It's a fact. We can never substitute that kind of research for our own good judgment and sense."

The *Globe* calls itself "Canada's National Newspaper" and it spends about \$5.5 million a year in air freight and postage to reach its national audience. Earlier this year, it considered that the technology for transmitting content to printing plants in other parts of the country is available at a more manageable price. So, barring unanticipated problems, the *Globe* expects to be printing national editions in Calgary and in one location east of Toronto by this time next year. "The only thing





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holding back bigger national circulation is a better distribution system," says one *Globe* executive. "We've got to be there, every day, at the same time."

But all that's for the future. In the immediate past and present, says publisher Negropce, "we've got a lot of very competent, turned-on people who are working very hard to grow my contribution. It has been to create an environment in which they can put their talents and enthusiasm to work."

Last fall, "revolution was static, advertising was static, profits weren't adequate, the trends weren't moving in the right direction. We've got ourselves on another track now... but we have another 18 to 24 months of hard, hard sleighing ahead to make sure we maintain those trends." Bob Cohen

N.Y. mags: all in a dither

There has been more trading in the U.S. publishing industry than in baseball's winter meetings. Magazines appear, change ownership, and disappear more regularly than southern reverbers. Last October started off with the much ballyhooed resurrection of *Life*. Four months later a revamped *Look* hit the stands. News dealers fortuitously had room for the two portfolio-size publications because during the interval, three highly visible magazines—*New Times*, *Vino*, and *Horizon* folded. Then two weeks ago came the word that Clay Felner, the quality purveyor of *American* publishing, had sold *Esquire*, which he acquired only 3½ years ago, to two young Teenecrowns, Philip Wolff, 32, and Christopher Wirtzle, 31, who own the youth-oriented US-30 Corporation publishing company.

Felner's decade at *Esquire* was particularly painful. He bought the stodgy men's magazine, which had published such authors as Vladimir Nabokov, Dashiell Hammett, Norman Mailer, and Truman Capote, after losing control of his quality *New York* magazine to Australian press lord Rupert Murdoch. "What happened to me before is never going to happen again," vowed Felner when he took the reins at *Esquire*. But despite his brave words, Felner, who



Felner and Wolff: combining forces

employs a typewriter just as effectively as he can clout with a coach to direct the nervousness of the urban elite, was not able to graft his *New York* formula onto *Esquire*. He bowed up the magazine with large doses of "service" and "how-to" features combined with heavy-hitting reporting on politics and national affairs. But the new format didn't please *Esquire*'s traditional audience and failed to attract sufficient numbers of new readers. Ironically, although for many years *Esquire* carried the subtitle "The Magazine for Men," a healthy portion of the new subscribers were women, not necessarily of interest to many of the magazine's adventures. The advertising picture was further complicated when Felner changed the magazine from a monthly to a fortnightly.

Hard on the heels of the shake-up at *Middle East Focus* is the *Middle East* magazine. Whether its opinion pieces, dry analyses and articles are propaganda or the voice of reason depends on the reader's politics, even on the one paragraph for membership in the foundation. A acceptance of the vast tenets of the state of Israel (although clarity is no disqualification for contributing articles). This limitation has contributed to a heavy preponderance of Jewish writers and the magazine's detractors point out that having Jewish contributors—reporters and qualified—write articles and Arab reception of the Balance of Power leaves room for debate. Each issue ends with a spread called "Basics" in which various issues are quoted at length. These range from the B'nai B'rith Plan for World Bank and OPEC to the Palestinian National Covenant.

Middle East Focus

Carroll's Magazine on the Contemporary Middle East

Vol. 1, No. 1, 1977

What really has changed in the Middle East?

Arab attitudes and background

Common debates foreign affairs

Editor: Philip Wolff
Publisher: Christopher Wirtzle
1000 W. 10th, Suite 100
Minneapolis, MN 55426

Focus on the Middle East

The Middle East crisis has generated a potent current of opinions. Debates and rising determinations matched in emotional intensity only by—in some cases—hyperbole. Magazines, newspapers, speeches and commentaries have carried and fanned the sparks. Into this maelstrom one year ago this month appeared the *Middle East Focus*, a magazine published every two months in Toronto with a low-key, sober tone, emphasizing in a publication produced by—and largely for—Jews.

The magazine was sponsored by the Canadian Academic Foundation for Peace in

the Middle East. To meet requests from the non-academic world for insight and information on the Arab-Israeli imbroglio. Now a \$500 deposit goes out to distributors, journalists and educators around the world.

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Acquire some other publishing bombshell—Look, beset by staff problems since its debut, announced it would combine forces with Rolling Stone, and install Rolling Stone's editor Juan Williams as top man. French publishing giant Hachette Filipacchi, who paid Cowles Communications a reported \$88 million for the Look name and has dropped another \$7 to \$6 million since publication began, vows the merger will involve merely business operations. Whether the cost-conscious leading publisher borrows, plans, like Ensign, to cut Look back from a fortnightly to a monthly, and, in a new familiar refrain, aim it at a younger audience.

Of an ironic interest to some is the changes at Ensign and Look is the question of what underlies the ferment in the U.S. magazine business. A relatively strong economy and a precipitous jump in commercial television time, explain why some advertisers are reluctant to print to tempt their upscale readers. In addition, the U.S. publishing industry has become increasingly attractive to foreign investors. With his purchase of New York, The Village Voice and The New York Post, Rupert Murdoch seems determined to turn Manhattan into a little bit of Dowd Under Gruener & Jahn, the German firm that owns the prestigious Stern magazine, has entered the U.S. market with Geo, a magazine that has already proved highly successful in Europe. British capital, underwrite Fisher's purchase of Ensign and the new owners were partially financed by the Bonnier Newspaper Group, a large Swedish publishing conglomerate.

The foreign investment comes at a time when U.S. magazines are becoming much more sophisticated in their own marketing techniques. Now computer printouts, demographic models and the language of the Harvard business school have taken their place beside editorial concepts as determinants of the final product.

The advent of improved marketing techniques has been paralleled by an increasing specialization in magazines, giving an advertiser the ability to precisely target his audience. "If you want to sell golf clubs, you're obviously better off in a golf magazine than in a general interest publication," says Executive Editor Barbara Love of Folio, the trade journal of American publishing.

For New York newspaper dealer Max Newman the theories of economics and marketing may not be relevant, but the publishing ferment is nonetheless creating a whole new set of problems. "I never know where to put the new magazines," he mutters. "They come for a while and then they're gone. From month to month I never know what I'm going to get."

Rita Christopher

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Driving around the bend

Americans are driving themselves crazy. It's a question of cars and commuters, anger and aggression. The latest bumper sticker is all "Hunk at me and I'll back ya." A madman, a form of insanity—not so apparent in Canada yet—seems to be taking over each hour drivers in the U.S. Mid-morning sometimes screams and some at other travelers. Level-headed businessmen brawl at the side of the road. In extreme cases motorists have started to carry guns and shoot to kill. The police call it "traffic violence," but by any name, the statistics show, it's getting worse.

Psychiatrists say that the phenomenon was almost inevitable. Scientific studies show that, with most people, commuting to work elevates blood pressure, increases the heart beat, alters the mood and heightens general irritability. The longer one is in the car, and the more traffic there is on the road, the worse it is. And it's a sign of relief. As long as the cities continue to grow, jobs remain concentrated in relatively small, densely populated areas, and American reject public transportation, the number of automobiles bringing workers into and out of hot spots is bound to increase.

The affluent middle class does not want to live downtown, preferring the manicured lawns and baroque estates of the suburbs. As the "burbs" become more congested, families are moving ever further out to find more space and lower home prices. This causes the commute—nervous-tearing and tension-filled. One hour each way is commonplace, and many drivers do as much as four hours a day.

Highway violence has even been worsened through that tool of sociability—the citizen's band radio. Rush hour into Washington, D.C., on the Interstate-495 highway from suburban Virginia, starts three days at about 4:30 a.m. Angered by too little sleep, so late that the greyhairs of the dawn, the driver alone in his car amidst a jungle of traffic finds his a great way to let off steam. And of course the police listen on Virginia state trooper Richard Knevel picks up the story: "A couple of them got into a fight over the Redskins



[Washington's football team] (the guy started calling them the ' Redskins'). The next thing, they were out on the shoulder punching it out. Or a guy will tell a truck to let him by and the truck driver will tell him to go—himself!"

Dr. Raymond Noyes, a psychologist at the University of California, has been involved for some years with studies into anger, traffic-congestion-related behavior and stress. He says "One of the oncoming things about the traffic situation is that people's inhibitions are relaxed. If they are in their own car they curse and swear and have hostile thoughts and aggressive fantasies, like smashing their car into the guy in front. If it builds up and their inhibitions get more and more relaxed."

Hit-and-run accidents are thought to be one indicator of traffic violence, and they have increased in Virginia from 3,084 in 1967 to 7,853 in the past 12 months. Other states report similar increases—it's a national trend. In Maryland, the governor has appropriated \$30,000 from state emergency funds for 800 bulletproof vests for state troopers after a fatal shooting occurred during a routine traffic stop.

In California, something of a byword in traffic violence, 412 highway patrolmen were attacked and injured last

year by people they had pulled over, as from 1941 to 1973 in traffic-poller juries someone who is carrying a gun is said to be "cocking hard." But drivers don't have to be "cocking hard" to hurt you. Virginia trooper Gerald Noyes was badly injured by one commuter. He explained: "I set up a station, pulling people over for driving on the shoulder. I think he was the third car. I asked him for his driver's license. He threw it at me saying, 'everybody else was driving on the shoulder, why jack on me?' I placed him under arrest, but when I put my hand on him to take custody, all hell broke loose. He pulled me up, threw me on the ground, we rolled into the snow lane, he was bring me on the chest a couple of times. Strong little devil, he drove blood and I had to have a tetanus shot. But he was just an ordinary American. A pretty nice guy after he had calmed down."

Washington psychiatrist Morris Charney says "People are getting more and more socially disconnected in cars, especially out on the superhighways. You find the cultural constraints are loosened, all the things we've built up over the years that separate us from the animals, and if we're frustrated out there so irritated, suddenly, we're in a very primitive situation." William Lowther



Do you know what is most frequently collected in Austria? Culture. That's why this small country has 350 museums.

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Medicine

Must there be weeping and gnashing of teeth?

Since Man stood upright and learned to masticate he has lived with toothache, suffering agonies untold. While not so long ago a wisp of whisky and a quick yanking with pliers provided the only relief, nowadays dentists bring to the pain the paraphernalia of x-rays, flossing, hygiene and modern pain-killers. Still, the actual causes of toothache largely remain a mystery.

Dr. Rex Holland, assistant professor of anatomy at the University of Manitoba, has spent the past seven years trying to figure out what his beloved tooth pain, recently he was given a \$50,000 grant by the Medical Research Council to continue his studies.

"The tooth," says Holland, "is the only place in the body where just pain is felt. The skin can feel heat, cold and pain. The tooth feels just pain and is unique." But knowing that teeth hardly help the victim. What may help, eventually, is what Holland has discovered about the tooth's nerves in his research at the University of Bristol, England, the University of Iowa and University of Minnesota. Using high-powered electronic microscopes and the silver of tooth sections he has found that nerves in teeth are incredibly dense—about 1,000 to the square millimetre. "These nerves are so closely packed they tend to couple," he says.

"Then a slight stimulus in one nerve may be transmitted to the next and so on. This amplifying effect explains why toothache is so painful." Normally this coupling of nerves occurs only in the brain, where messages are uncorrelated, co-ordinated and amplified.

Holland has also found that nerves in teeth have poor insulation. "Like electrical cables all nerves have insulators," he explains "but my research shows the insulators can quickly break down, exposing the raw nerve. If there are chemical changes in the mouth or temperature changes?" Yet another culprit may be a cell known as odontoblast, which secretes and helps build the inner tooth. Holland thinks this cell may sometimes activate tooth nerves, causing pain. "If we can pin down the mechanism of pain we may be able to prevent it one day," he says. "If there is a coupling effect, which magnifies a slight stimulus it may be possible to develop a chemical to desensitize the nerves. If poor insulation is a major factor, perhaps we can come up with something to improve it."

Holland is in regular contact with fellow colleagues in Bristol. They're concentrating on recording electrical activity in the tooth. "Research has shown that an electrical current sent through a nerve may block sensation or localize it," says Holland. "The Russians tried experiments along this line using electrical fields, but there are doubts about the safety of the patient. It was kind of a wild-eyed scheme—even dangerous." Pain and its prevention, he says, is gaining more and more attention in the medical profession.

In Holland's own dedication to unlocking the mysteries of toothache inspired by a close encounter of a personal kind. "Not at all. My teeth are quite painful, but hardly pretty."

Peter Carlyle-Gordie

Reading the body in 3-D

Five years ago, Carol, a young housewife and mother, would have faced a series of complicated, painful, and potentially dangerous tests to discover why her body was overproducing cortisone and other hormones, causing her to gain weight and feel generally apathetic. A recent advance in computer diagnosis—billed by Dr. Ronald Tesker, neurosurgeon at the Toronto General Hospital, as "the greatest advance in medicine since the discovery of the x-ray in 1895 and the medical breakthrough of the decade"—renders a host of traditional diagnostic techniques obsolete. As a result, Carol, who asked that her family name not be used, was examined in comfort as she lay on a bed while an x-ray beam passed through her body and thousands of readings were processed by the computer into a three-dimensional image. The radiologist, able to call up on his computer screen any cross-section of her body he wished, found a small tumor on her left adrenal gland, the tumor was removed and she made a complete recovery.

Unlike traditional x-rays, which show bone in great detail, but leave everything else into the mystery of "soft tissue," the CT scanner (it stands for computerized tomography) registers subtle differences in soft tissue—fat can tell the difference between blood, fat, gas and tissue or distinguish between a fluid-filled cyst and a tumor. Used primarily as a cancer-detection device, it can also pick up abdominal masses, eliminate

CT scanner break through of the decade



structure and objects in the eye. According to Dr. George Wortman, head of the Toronto General Hospital's neuro-radiology division, "The scanner picks up things you wouldn't even suspect, it's a brain scanner, which, by other methods is difficult to locate. Since the scanner was installed in 1974 (the 19th to be installed in the world), the mortality rate for brain abscesses has been reduced from 30 per cent to two per cent. The CT scanner is superior to any other method of diagnosing that I don't think any surgeon, particularly a neurosurgeon, should work without ready access to one."

An estimated 1,600 CT scanners are now in use throughout the world—50 in Canada, 12 of those in Ontario. Not all Canadian hospitals have a scanner, obviously, but there is one available within most regions, usually in large urban centres. In one tragic case, however, regional access wasn't good enough—a 54-year-old Ontario boy died of a brain infection last month shortly after he was transported to the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. Wortman believes he might have been saved "if he had been diagnosed earlier." He feels the Canadian rate of accurate to population (1:200,000) is not as high as ought to be. "In the U.S. it's roughly 1:200,000, which may be a bit higher than necessary," he says. "What would be best is 1:500,000 although this changes almost daily as new applications are discovered. For example, we've just found out something frightening by using the scanner 10 per cent of all patients with epileptic seizures have brain tumors—maybe I shouldn't tell you that because we'll be flooded with soon requests from everyone who thinks they ever had a seizure. In the past, for a suspected brain tumor, we would have done an air study—that's when you put a needle in the spinal canal and send air up to the brain and then you x-ray in several positions. It's very painful, but now with the CT scanner, it's not only an easy, accurate way to diagnose, it saves all these in-patient costs."

Notwithstanding pressure from the medical profession, government health planners are reining in the impulse to run out and spend up to \$800,000 for short-term per scanner with \$250,000 annual operating expenses. "In Ontario," says Dr. Paul Clarke, director of medical services for the Ontario Medical Association and a member of the federal working group for CT scanner guidelines, "hospitals must buy their own scanning equipment. Seventeen hospitals in Ontario have been approved to operate scanners and half receive funds which will reimburse them as a usage basis. The remainder are not yet funded by the ministry of health. How the unapproved hospitals are go-

ing to pay for scanning, no one knows. Funds are tight. I don't know how we'll afford the new improved versions coming down the line."

Research to improve CT scanning continues. Dr. Aaron Fenster, a member of a team of physicians at Toronto's Physicians Margaret Hospital says "One problem is to reduce the time it takes to produce a scanning image. The CT scanner is superb at imaging certain parts of the body, but it's not fast enough to image the action of the heart which beats every second—the current CT models image every 18 seconds." Within a year,

however, it's expected that a \$3-million experimental scanner will reduce imaging time to one-twentieth of a second and be capable of reconstructing a "movie" of heart beating, blood flowing, and the heart beating. "The next step," says Fenster, "is to try to get the price down so everyone can afford one."

"You end up sounding like a salesman when you're asked about this stuff," laughs Wortman, "but who would have believed five years ago that in 1973 we would have this kind of thing? Who knows where we'll be in five years from now?"

Elaine Wase

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Consensual or coercive? A simple dictionary cure for the S-H epidemic

By Barbara Amiel

Thank the Lord (Lady?) for feminism, or our campus would still be mired in the same old paucity (they have lost these past few years). In fact, I don't think anything very much has gone on around the libraries and lock-chops since that nathack in 1974 when there was a round of SDS-sponsored research on campus—the focus wasn't, but certainly resulted in most old American anthropologist Edward C. Banfield being prevented from speaking at the University of Toronto.

But things are looking up. Given what they're protesting, this "new" definition? The plugging label? The latest African state celebrating its liberation from the oppression of colonialism with the murder of yet another hundred children? Wrong. It is SERIAL HARASSMENT. And let it be said, to use Hollywood parlance, that serial harassment has been. I think we can confidently predict several frank, intelligent discussions of this problem, moderated by Doris Anderson with a lot of input from Phyllis MacDonell and Barbara Fairweather. Perhaps even, Myraus McNeil. On second thought, no, not Myraus. But there will be at least one TV Focus on S-H and even, maybe, a cover story in this magazine.

Of course, SexHarassment is nothing new. No one has ever been "sex-harassed" every one million men are now probably 1,000 genuine creeps, with simply preferences and insatiable extensities, and not even that minimum of courage required to pose as a passing female from the bushes. They are the office overweeners and domineers. Attributing to turn their petty authority into some sexual payoff. These body-bes may make sexual harassment as horrible, but not much more of an epidemic, than real female. The fact is that all probable human loss should distinguish that psychology—not that this is any consolation to the women who have been harassed or abused. But in the unlikely event we believe a study released last month from the University of Toronto, sexual harassment is in no

what the Inbosc plague used to be to medieval England. They say 10 per cent of all female graduate students are being raped. This of course is reported in that section of the newspaper no longer called the women's section but mainly about female fashions and how to spot a woman's owner and therefore probably read by hopeful transsexuals (warning). Hard on the heels of this comes the publication of a new book, *The Secret Oppression: Sexual Harassment of Working Women* (Mosaic Press of Canada), which makes it official. Sexual

coercive and consensual relationships," they write. Did this stop our intrigued team from its rigorous analysis? No. On the contrary, this confirmed its deepest suspicions. "The inability of most people to distinguish between the office romance and sexual harassment is a frightening indication of how often sexual harassment is not just an 'New' fact but the true deliverer putting and would facts in their place. Indeed, all the awkward facts are put in their place in this wretched little treatise by Constance Backhouse and Leah Cohen. Male factors in fact, senior Backhouse and Cohen, range from "male penetration to physical assault." But, "if he is rich, powerful and attractive his 'charm' may be all he needs. If these two rigorous minds see no distinction between relationships based on physical assault and charm, it is no wonder they lump together consensual and coercive relationships. And since power is considered a coercive quality in office relationships, how can Backhouse and Cohen

going to deal with the fact that more and more women are assuming managerial positions? Will the attraction a female executive feels for an ordering be ruled coercive by the new regulatory agency these two would-be commentators wish to set up? If it is agency in which, incidentally, the men would be the accused to prove his innocence.)

Perhaps I just posed. I've been in the labor force for over 20 years in every job from waitress to executive and no one has ever sexually harassed me. Maybe I just don't have any appeal. But I'm willing to give Cohen and Backhouse a dozen real names of women I know who have been in the labor force for the same length of time and have never been raped either. Maybe they just didn't notice, but I doubt it. Nothing much escapes them. Could we meet on no other problems now? Like the survival of liberal democracy or similar freedoms that have slipped the attention of so many women these days as they hunt for the Coloring Male.



Books

Autopsy of an empire turned to dust

EMPIRE: THE LIFE, LEGEND AND MADNESS OF HOWARD HUGHES
by Donald A. Gluck and James G. Stewart
(George Meador 50/50)

Hughes was the most bizarre businessman the world ever knew. Howard and Richard Hughes Jr., the mythic, enigmatic aviator, Hollywood producer and risk-taking entrepreneur, the man, captive of his own money-lusting empire, warring his last two decades in social issues, notched on Valium and cocaine, watching movies and television as devoted aides turned to vicious deeds, political payoffs, stunts and operations for the Central Intelligence Agency. This well-researched and readable book is as much a pop history of 20th century North America as it is biography, a fast-paced tracing of Hughes's career and society's adulation through the twin worlds of sex and money in which he operated. Hollywood, aviation, military contracts, the growth of Las Vegas, fears of communism, nuclear bomb testing, Vietnam and Watergate. Revealing anecdotes along with carefully re-created dialogue and events true throughout as the authors describe Hughes and the human factors that permeated his troubled power. His empire, for example "spent billions of American tax dollars without public accountability, received billions of dollars in government contracts without con-

Howard Hughes, with one of his true loves: undies by the human factor



petitive bidding and received as billions of dollars in subsidies." It ignored federal court orders with impunity. It was exempted from the myriad laws and regulations limiting on others.

At 18, Hughes's inheritance made him a millionaire. His father's drill-bit invention laid the foundation for Hughes Tool Co., the money machine that financed the younger Hughes as he looked to become a legend. He first chose Hollywood, pouring oilfield funds into the serial epic *MGM's Angels*, a film that set the mythic tone for Hughes's life. Credited with discovering Jean Harlow, in fact he had to be convinced she was right for the part. Through the '30s, seen as an inventive designer, he pulled brains to come up with a military pursuit plane, made a bet for his transcontinental and around-the-world solo flights. He was repelled by the attention and driven to larger goals such as the eight-engine airplane, the Spruce Goose, the largest airplane ever built. The impossible timing of its one brief flight was typical of Hughes's mania, it diverted attention from the War Investigating Committee's study in Washington of the \$10 million Hughes received for that plane and another that was never constructed, B-2.

Flying, his greatest love, also plunged him toward his hermit existence. His first serious breakdown, in 1944, was followed, in 1949, by a fifth and successful or crash doctors called it mania. But, Hughes refused treat-

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suicidal energy goes with his recovery as he began slapping into medicine. He made impossible plans, ordering \$40 million worth of Boeing 700s and Conquest 880s for TWA, he almost bankrupted his airline. His marriage to actress Jean Peters deteriorated to messiness by appointment and a 1968 mental collapse reduced him to naked shock, dressed with gowns, wiping and covering everything with Kleenex. From there, it was a downhill, drugged trip as everything he touched turned to dust. Even the cash-possessing Hughes Tool was in trouble, sold by the Marmon sales who entered to his every phobia and ran his affairs without benefit even of his previous spokesman. Payoffs through Richard Nixon's confidant Bobo Rebano, stock manipulations charges, Watergate fix-ins—the list of failures and failures continued while the world seemed transfixed with misdirected awe.

Dead in 1976 at a malnourished 90 pounds, no one cared about causes. The fight of fake wills was mere insurance. Even in death and revealed truth, society missed the lesson. Enriched by the mystery, the world should have been outraged by the sorcery, amazed by the power, it should have been ashamed at the purchased privilege, respecting the businessmen, it should have revealed the payoffs, working out the myth, it should have warned about the madness. There was little triumph in his life if profits from the Hughes Tool Co. had been invested in a passbook savings account, he would have been richer when he died. "I, Howard Hughes," he once said, "can buy any man in the world, or I can destroy him." Including, it turned out, himself.

Roderick McQuinn

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 The Western Circle, Latham (1)
- 2 Gord's Gold, Mather (2)
- 3 Overload, Holey (4)
- 4 War and Remembrance, Wiesel (2)
- 5 Chesspoker, Mitchell (3)
- 6 The Pigeon Project, Wallace (3)
- 7 Shiloh, Trevino (2)
- 8 War Justice, Smith
- 9 A Very Full Bowl, LeMora (2)
- 10 Little Birds, Ahn

NONFICTION

- 1 Beyond Reason, Tuckman (1)
- 2 Lauren Burt: By Myself, Burt (2)
- 3 Sophia: Living and Loving, MacLean (2)
- 4 Momma's Dearest, Crawford (4)
- 5 How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, Roth (1)
- 6 My Outlines, Lawrence (3)
- 7 Tollenham, Hoving
- 8 At One With the Sea, James
- 9 Operation Pika, Dwyer (1)
- 10 The Book of Knowledge, McPhee (3)

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Taking it on the road

By John Bentley Mayes

*Peace is the only answer for existence. Take me for example. If I had been born in California I would already be a legend in my own time—Ahura, in George F. Walker's *Bagdad Sallah*.*

Three years after its creation or so, into the new generation of Canadian playwrights is watching it all come together—outside Canada. Underscored by an all-consuming flop a season ago, David French was back in the U.S. last winter with *Of the Fields, Lately*, which sold out a four-week run in Westchester, New York, and is to go into New York City next season with his current hit, *Arthur Johnston's Billy Bishop Goes to War*, scheduled at Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille and a

markable Toronto scene that gave Canada its first bumper crop of experimental playwrights, writers, directors and actors committed to Canadian work. As playwright Rick Salutin says, "It has been a decade of triumph for the Canadian theatre."

Where is that come today, 10 years after its spectacular birth? In the throes of a pronounced mid-life crisis influence and the dwindling of public money have hit hard at the production budgets, and the hopes of experimental theatre. While his money has gone into face-lifts and equipment—\$278,000 at Theatre Passe Muraille, \$500,000 at Toronto Free Theatre—most houses have had to reduce the number of full productions and workshops. Everybody is hurting, but especially the playwrights. "You can't make more than \$1,500 or so,"



David French

The Marjorie Ma of David French began at age 15 when an uncle teacher told him to write down and read a book—*Tom Sawyer*. "That was the first serious book I'd ever read," remembers French, and when I finished it I knew I wanted to become a writer." By the time he was 23, French had written poems and stories, and had sent a short play to CBC. But he had no break came in 1972 when *Leaving Home* opened at 84 Gladwin, a new Toronto Theatre—the show was soon snaggled up by Repertory houses from Victoria to Halifax.

Like *Miss Twain*, French has produced the most characteristic work from sources deep within his personal history. Though he denies that *Leaving Home* was explicitly autobiographical it is hard not to see in the drama of the Mercer family—Newfoundlanders uprooted and set down in the Toronto of the 1930s and 40s—a reflection of French's own childhood in Newfoundland and after 1945 in Toronto (The Mercer class saga continued in *Of the Fields*, lately which won the 1973 Chalmers award and is now being remounted for productions in France and South America.)

After *One Crack Out* a 1975 play about a poor rail struck out of the rough Toronto neighbourhood where he grew up, French dropped out of sight for four years only to come back strong this season with *Ullsters*, a scorching comedy about life in the theatre. The leading example of the isolated class French at 40 is once again warning he straight back and has begun work on two more plays about those plain Canadians in the big city: *The Mercers*.

even from a successful show," complains one writer, "which is tough if you like to sit." But not surprising considering the absence of large transfer houses where hit shows can move after proving themselves in the smaller theatre. Even Ralph Zimetman of Great North Agency, an important manager of Canadian playwrights, "Right now, there's no place in Toronto for a hit to go if it's lucky, of course, a good show can be picked up by one of Canada's large regional theatres—but its potential for a big impact in its own house town is lost."

Money and transfers aside, however, the alternate Toronto theatre is displaying all the signs of ungrateful aging: a lot of the old claring is deferring to go and much of the "Canada First" commitment Salutin (see box) blames the theatre for "frustrating off their resources to do non-Canadian shows," but locates the heart of the problem in the "over-all swing to the right in Canada. We're being told to play it safe." Larry French (see box) thinks Toronto theatregoers are the villains in the piece. "Any play that disturbs or upsets or challenges them is in for an uphill fight."

But even if Toronto theatre is in as rough shape as the *Canadiana* says, it's still not so grim as it was only 15 years ago. One man who remembers—ironically as Artistic Director George Loscombe, whose Toronto Workshop Productions (TWP) was for years a lonely island of good things to come. "In the mid-60s, what people did have were *Residing*, musicals and West End comedies. Nobody wanted to take risks on an unknown native writer." Then, around 1967, an exotic streetbrawler began to take root in such spots as Yorkville Avenue and Upper-Jarvis Bookstore College. Like his U.S. counter-

'Leaving Home' those plain Canadians



Photo by John Bentley Mayes



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Talk about a revolution: members of the New Director's Group since '81 (left to right) French, Gies, Tarverton, Gernand, unremounted home of Toronto Free Theatre



Photo by John Bentley Mayes



Photo by John Bentley Mayes

being in both Vancouver and Toronto, is being eyed by top New York producer Mike Nichols, while Larry French's *Strawford* income. Eve will definitely go up on Broadway this fall. And George Walker got his best news of the season in January, when *Zoo* was optioned by New York Public Theatre czar Joseph Papp. "The next 10 years are going to be the decade of the Canadian playwright," predicts Lynn Bolt, Papp's dramaturg. "While American playwrights seem still stuck in the '60s, Canadians have got a perspective on the 20th-century's problems and a grasp of what is happening now."

But all these Canadians, who today stand only a stage-whisper away from international reputations, might have sunk without a trace years ago had they not been nursed to maturity by the re-

part, the Toronto movement was flamboyant, irreverent, anarchistic. But Canadian rebels had one thing to fight that American didn't have: a colonial mentality—timid and derivative—encrusted nowhere more firmly than in Canada's artistic traditions and institu-



George F. Walker

They are not in African jungles. Hong Kong suburbs since 1919, the disasters of Anarchy and in fresh art galleries. They feature characters from the colonial underworld and from the underworld of fantasy. They are exotic, metaphysical and difficult, and there's not a Minotaur who could be so said. But the plays of George F. Walker, a new star produced almost every year since 1971, are true products of the new-wave Canadian theatre.

First, there were *Ambush* at Teller's and *Phases of Negative* both staged at Factory Theatre Lab in 1971. Then came *Sixteen Pops* (1972), *Bagged Smoother* (1973), a Toronto Theatre Henry Miller Offshore Series and Doc Holiday. Beyond Ambush (1974), *Rainbow* and the *White Slaves* (1975), and his first Toronto Free Theatre production, *Geopsy* (1977). Also done by Toronto Free: *Zoroaster* and, this season, *Fifty Rich*. Revisiting to both critic and audience, Walker's plays add up to a remarkably impressive—A score—accomplishment.

Not that most Canadians have noticed. Though he has had a hit in Seattle (Glossus) and been summited by the teen voices of New York, Walker has had only one play performed in Canada outside Toronto—Vanocuser's Arts Club Theatre's April 79 production of *Geopsy*. And even in his home town—he was born in Toronto's formerly Cabbagetown district in 1947—things don't look too bright to him. "The pressure is definitely on all of us to write instant hits. The well-made play is being sold here," he says. "In my life left for England. And when will he be black?" in a year—maybe.



tions. Anti-colonial sentiments might have gone the way of lone beads but it not been solidly focused in a struggle that was to change the course of Canadian theatre history.

The opening gambit was the formation of the New Directors' Group, 10 years ago this summer, by some of the country's most talented theatre people among them, Martin Krashinsky, John Palmer, Ken Gass and Jim Garrard. The group was angry, but there was more to their rebellion: "done, we were anti-institutional," recalls Gass. "The way things were set up, the regional theatres were getting all the financial support but they weren't presenting Canadian material. The only way to move was toward independence."

In August, 1980, the group began the war in earnest with its Festival of Underground Theatre, 15 days of radical performances at St. Lawrence Centre, the Global Village Theatre, Rockdale College and in the streets. Not all the shows were Canadian—it was still too early for that—and many that were turned out to be pretty bad. Glorious Toronto Star critic Nathan Cohen "to say that the Toronto group was whose works I attended were of imperitously inferior quality is to speak of them with loving charity and compassion." By the time the festival was over, it was clear that what the scene needed was not more grand gestures but insulation against for the talent that was beginning to emerge.

One man who had more the word even before the festival was Ken Gass, whose Factory Lab Theatre had been installed on the top floor of a garage in May, 1979. Canadian as to the core—"Don't Wait for the Yanks to Discover Canada!" advised a promotional flyer—Factory dedicated itself to an exclusively Canadian program and immediately started finding

out local writers. (Glen Campbell who called on Factory after seeing a street poster advertising for new plays, George F. Walker, was one.) That fall, Factory opened with a show about spiders, David Freeman's *Geopsy*; by the end of the 1979-80 season, Gass had



Rick Salutin

Rick Salutin's current project is called *The Nathan Cohen Revue*. And why should the curmudgeonly critic (who died in 1971) be on Salutin's mind? Because he took culture absolutely seriously—as seriously as politics and religion. He was very hard on Canadian playwrights because he believed they were absolutely essential to Canadian culture. Which are all things that could be said of Salutin himself, the country's foremost intellectual playwright.

A Jewish Torontonian, Salutin (now 37) completed an M.A. at the University of Toronto in 1964 before starting a career back home as a journalist and radio talent. Soon, however, he was in the thick of the burgeoning theatre movement; in 1973 he wrote his first drama, a Canadian history produced at Ford Thompson's Theatre Passe Muraille, 1977 *The Factory Revolt*. (A new *Passe Muraille* version of 1937 is presently touring Scotland and Ireland.) In 1978, he did *W.A.*, a play about revolt with the Mummies Theatre Troupe of Newfoundland, before coming back to *Passe Muraille* in 1977 with *Les Canadiens*, a celebration of hockey mythology that has been produced six times in two years.

But Salutin's importance cannot be summed up by a list of productions. He has been a leading exponent of the collaborative style of play creation—a process in which the playwright gives the actors as little as possible. "It's general thrust and point of view, and a structuring of the dramatic presentation—not words. But even more important have been his public advocacy of cultural independence and his struggle to make hard drama from the stuff of Canadiana a past and present."



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The Beige Slime in space

ALLEN
Directed by Ridley Scott

An industrial spaceship, the *Narcisse*, returning to earth from a fuel-finding mission, is diverted by an odd communications transmission to another planet. The seven-member Anglo-American crew of five men and two women touch down to have a look-see. One of them (John Hurt) comes upon a large nest of large eggs and, well—*not* When he's brought back to the ship it's discovered that a substance (call it *The Beige Slime*) has attached itself to his feet. *The Beige Slime* keeps him alive *indefinitely*. Relieved of his far-out fossil (the thing sloughs off and dies), he's having a little carnivalous repeat when—BOOM, but on the baroque side—he gives birth to another ship. If nothing else, this can be looked upon as an amusing advance in clatteries. The thing, or *Allen*, escapes into the labyrinth of the ship and the crew is, quite naturally, distressed and continuously tracks it down. The remaining men are devoted to the *Allen* sucking and gobbling up the crew, with perhaps fear or love more major scenes along the way. Not bad for a movie that it basically *The Creature From*

the *Black Lagoon* Finds a New Home. *Allen* in a *B-movie* blown up to 70 millimeters with Dolby—and a bed record man in that—added. The nest of eggs has been borrowed from *Jaws* of the *Body Snatchers*. The spaceship has been taken from *Star Trek*. The music of it, with its blinding whistles and corrugations, comes from 2001 *A Space Odyssey*, and the main computer (called Mother) even had a son called Hal. And it all began as a simple, dumb idea budgeted at \$1 million. But *Twentieth Century-Fox*, like every other major studio, has its eye open for a megahit, so it boosted an additional \$6 million on advertising. *Allen* isn't a movie—it's an event. And it's a *graff*.

The director, Ridley Scott, whose only previous movie was *The Duellists*, gets great mileage from very little. The suspense is too fully attempted to be pleasurable as each crew member gets closer to the grasp of the *Allen* the time spent on all those tracking shots isn't worth the payoff. The *Allen* itself, which has several mouths and drools, is a big disappointment, though considerably livelier than the cast. The male characters (Tom Skerritt, Harry Dean Stanton, Ian Holm, Yaphet Kotto and Hurt) should be put in front of a firing squad for their obnoxious. Poor Veronica Cartwright looks as though she went to Joan of Arc's laundress and then there's Signemyr Wagner as Ripley, the stoic modern woman. They must all be very tired.

Often unintentionally funny, plotted more for convenience than sense, motivated by nothing other than money, *Allen* is expensive, silly, sick.

Lawrence O'Toole

On the change planet, a different kind of monster movie is infused

Hope and despair

JACOB THE Liar
Directed by Frank Royce

Jacob (Vincent D'Onofrio) is a Jew in Germany during the Holocaust. All the Jews in his ghetto steal about like cats, scavenging for dignity. Jacob carries around small memories of a happier time, and those small happenings have become magnified through memory. Now Jacob and everyone else walk around hunched, beaten. "What's there to be happy about?" asks a friend. Inadvertently, Jacob tells a fellow worker that he has a radio, that the Russians are advancing on the German border. The news of the radio spreads like wildfire and Jacob continues to lie to keep everyone else happy. His lie leads the Jews new hope, a young couple wants to marry, a barber shaves anxiously of a new business, Jacob's wife listens wide-eyed at the prospect of eating well again. But too much hope, unfulfilled, drives the Jews to despair as the entire ghetto is deported to a concentration camp, were left with the look of faces from which life already seems to have departed.

Jacob the Liar, a small-scale film made in the manner of *Melanie* *Anna* and *The Shop on Main Street*, is indebted to the great German director F. W. Murnau look for its form and feeling, averaging just sentimentality. While they hope, the Jews find every miserable detail in their lives fascinating—even the brutal takes on added meaning. The triumph of *Jacob the Liar* is that it questions our assumptions about what is human, in life and what isn't. Its effect is a kind of liberation, as though it were saying, "Have a little life."

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Here comes Hunkie Power! For Joe Clark, suddenly the tongue is on the other foot

By Allan Fotheringham

There is a certain crowsfoot, an old-time, an aspe in all our furnishings through life. For the wooden-tongued Wops of the land (and one should never discount their ingenuity) it came in the 1972 summer hockey war of Canada vs. the U.S.S.R. It was then that Foster Hewitt, the embodiment of all that was fine and true about Depression-age Canadian youth, revealed before the embarrassed nation that he could not pronounce "Van Cournoyer." René Lévesque had

hardly been invented. Robert Bourassa was not yet a public joke, but even the sports columnists were writing their forebodes at the thought that the Moon of Maple Leaf Gardens was to be belaboured by the other tongue that he mangled the mouster of the fastest skater in the fastest sport of all. It was a strange and useful lesson. Borne into the memory of sports fans out there on the tube was the realization that a living legend in broadcasting had never bothered himself enough to wing his tongue around a forecaster who lived as far away as Montreal.

Inherent in that lesson was a bit of a gift trip that trickled through the beer parlours. One end of the country, in the wake of cultural colonialism, began to accommodate itself to the preservation of such semi-household names as Christmas, to learn that André Gauthier had some faint but distinct relation to assist (though balking, in Anglo-Saxon establishments, at the glacial dexterity needed to master "Félix le Foul").

All this is a clearing of the throat to bring up the fact that with Joe if the tongue is on the other foot.

Fair to fair, and one of the useful things about the election of Joe Clark (along with the destruction of the theory that Canada exists with Zambias and Mozambias, and indeed into the realm of one-party democracies) is that the country is going to be confronted with names that will conjure up images.

It will do Quebec good (not to mention Toronto's Princess Club) to have to master the pronunciation of Ray Blaney, the mayor of Saskatoon, who surely will be

in Clark's cabinet, and the cool, competent Elva Manakowicz who has never been heard of around the martinis in double-breasted Winnipeg's in Toronto, but has been an observer at the United Nations, at conferences in the Caribbean and Poland and most assuredly will be Clark's transport minister. Steve Paproski? The curly ex-Edmonton Eskimos linebacker who is a director of the Banff School of Advanced Management? One day, when he was a bachelor, Steve Paproski was drinking with his buddy Gene Kiniski, who is the world professional wrestling champion (in se-



lected woman, on selected nights). Paproski, somewhat emboldened by the report, allowed that if ever he married and had a son he was going to call him Paddy. And Kiniski, pouring another beer, ventured that if ever he succumbed and had a son he would call him Kelly. And they weakened and they did, and so there are two young males now trodding the land called Paddy Paproski and Kelly Kiniski.

What we're trying to say here is that a country that has been long on trying to master the other tongue and culture is going to find itself under a Clark government faced with the reality of the ethnic underground that has always (oh, by the way, but a lot overlooked) felt itself ignored. We're going to find in the Commons such names as Bill Yorko (the former Longbeach housing minister), Paul Verville, Stan Schellenberger, Stan Karhanka of Saskatchewan, and Alex Jago from Toronto, an Ennals, a Vancouverian.

It will take a while to sink in, but the



elusive link between Stordale and Westminster (which reveals more than anything that the similarity between Grit and Tory is layed to private-school wyes) is abetted by the accession of Clark and his ethnic troops.

What is even more ironic is that the last-ditch Trudeau play, of destroying the WASP-francophone swap of the Governor-General's post by appointing a Testaric Canadian from Winnipeg, merely falls into the Clark scenario.

Ed Sheppard, with his sparkling chit-chatline who was a farm girl named Schatz, formed his first cabinet in Manitoba with men called Cherniak, Ushin, Ross Tough, Eric Philip Perreault, Burack and Borowski. In his current pleasant retreat at Holm Hall, his excellency has a press secretary by the name of René Chartier (imported from Manitoba) and a personal aide called Dave Cherniak. The next premier of Manitoba, an election or two down the road, could be an MLA with the anthropomorphic name of Wilton Paraskin.

What is so amazing as far as that the tight-mouthed denizens of southern Ontario and upwardly mobile British Columbia—who provided Joe Clark with his majority victory—have supplied the bottom glue for the section of the populace that previously has never been allowed access to power. We have had, previously, in our Ontario-Quebec trade-off for power and concessions, a belief that the ethnic minorities were to be misled for votes.

Joe Clark, in the words of Dillon Camp, may indeed signal the beginning of The Age of the Skits. Very possibly, but while he struggles for an accommodation with a Quebec he clearly does not understand, Ottawa for the first time will have to adjust itself to a minority that has been patiently waiting its turn. It is called Hunkie Power.

How crazy, in this crazy country, that a party elected by good safe-mortgaged WOPS in fact is secure in power because of a new ethnic power game—some time to the west of the Quebec border.

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